MY FAKE MARRIAGE by MARY McCORMIC, PRINCESS MDIVANI

NOV. 4, 1933

Liberty

5¢

NRA MEMBER U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

IS NOTRE DAME'S HUNK ANDERSON ON THE SPOT ?

Take Care!

exposure invites serious colds . . . gargle Listerine when you reach home

Attending a late-season football game when the weather is bad is a gamble —no less.

Serious colds, sore throat, grippe, and even pneumonia—thousands of cases—often develop after such spectacles. Medical records everywhere confirm this.

Men and women past thirty seem to be the most frequent victims, but young people are by no means immune.

Listerine fights cold germs

Sitting in open stands in foggy, rainy, sleety, or freezing weather quickly weakens body resistance. Health authorities say lowered resistance is the major predisposing cause of colds. Disease germs already at work in mouth and throat get the upper hand.

Health Hints for the Fan

After exposure, Nature needs help to keep disease germs under control. For this purpose Listerine, the safe antiseptic, is recommended. While it kills germs, Listerine will not harm delicate tissue.

If you attend a football game in nasty weather, do the following when you reach home:

1. Gargle with full strength Listerine every 2 hours.
2. Change clothes, shoes, and stockings if they are at all damp.
3. Place hot water bag on feet to stimulate circulation.
4. Drink a hot or warm drink (lemonade is good).
5. If you have a chill, get into bed; if a fever, call your doctor.

Reduces Mouth Germs as much as 99%

Full strength Listerine used as a gargle aids in warding off colds because it quickly destroys the germs associated with colds. In the oral cavity, millions of these germs are present.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, this germ-killing action begins. After its use, germs are shown by actual test to be reduced as much as 99% within 15 seconds.

At the end of 4 hours—and this is highly important—germ reductions as high as 64% are even noted.

Fewer colds for garglers

More interesting still are the careful tests in which several hundred people were studied. They were divided into two groups—those who did not gargle Listerine and those who did. Now note this:

Those who gargled Listerine twice a day contracted only one-third as many colds as those who did not gargle with it. These colds were far milder and of shorter duration than the colds contracted by non-users of Listerine.

Confirming these tests is the personal experience of thousands of men and women who have used Listerine to fight colds and to relieve ordinary sore throat.

Always keep a bottle at home. Slip one into your suitcase when you travel and take one in the side pocket of your car when you motor. It is a good safeguard against infection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Down go Listerine PRICES!

Buy now at substantial savings

the safe antiseptic

NOVEMBER 4, 1933

Liberty

VOL. 10, NO. 44

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

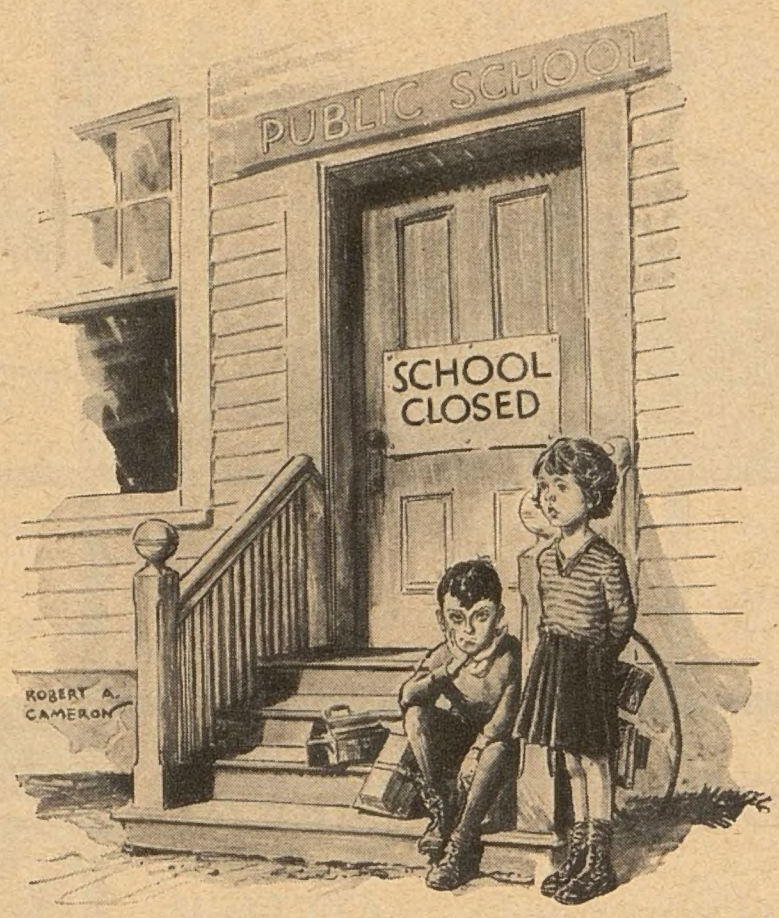
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

A GREAT NATIONAL DISGRACE

A COUNTRY which will not take care of its young is rapidly approaching degeneracy.

The necessity for economizing in governmental expenses has become critical in many communities, and the easiest way to economize has been to cut school expenses.

Charl Ormond Williams, a high official in educational activities, maintains that a half million boys and girls were without any provision for education at the end of March of this year. Many of these schools, he says, cannot open this fall.



If you study the lowest forms of animal life you will find they are able to take care of their young. The perpetuation of the species depends upon the proper assumption of this duty.

And the perpetuation of the American nation and its institutions depends upon the same thing.

We hear frequent reports which indicate that thousands and hundreds of thousands of children are suffering from undernourishment at this time, and when we say that this is a great national disgrace we are minimizing an appalling situation.

A country which will not take care of its young is rapidly approaching degeneracy. The writer would like to publicize this statement in the sky with letters of fire a mile high, that every citizen could be made to realize the enormity of this crime against our future citizens.

Many teachers have been compelled to continue their work without salary for months. Children often come to school hungry, and the teachers in many instances render assistance in these pitiful situations from their scanty salaries.

In many parts of the country donations from people in the community have been made to continue their school work. Teachers have been furnished free board, though salaries could not be paid.

An education can be secured after maturity, but children who are undernourished do not grow or develop normally. They are stunted physically and sometimes mentally. And here is where home economics, which is supposed to be an extraneous subject and has been dropped out for reasons of economy in many schools, could be profitably used.

For generations we have controlled our diet entirely by taste. There has been little or no thought given to food values. Fancy, complicated dishes have been popularized, when plain, simple foods are far more valuable and often more palatable when properly prepared.

The children of this country must have a suitable education, but first and foremost they must have proper nourishment.

When the writer was a small boy he had the misfortune to be placed in what was called an orphans' home, and although he was very young at the time he distinctly remembers those hungry-eyed boys.

Upon occasions the boys would have a nickel to spend, and when they bought peanuts they never shelled them—they ate them shells and all. And whenever a boy was fortunate enough to get an apple, no boy ever asked for the core, for there was no core—to give away.

When the directors of this school visited the institution a feast would be placed before the boys, and they doubtless had the idea when donating to the institution that the poor orphans were being fed on this diet at all times. But if the writer lives a thousand years he will never forget the starvation diet furnished at that school. He was voraciously hungry at all times, and every boy in the institution suffered to a similar degree.

The writer knows what it is to be half starved, and it is shameful beyond all description, appallingly disgraceful, that an evil of this monumental character cannot be quickly remedied.

The racketeering of recent years has lowered the moral standards of our so-called leaders to the breaking point, and it is up to the citizens of this land that has been referred to as "free and brave" to find some of the old-time American spirit.

Get out and demand your rights!

But first and foremost see that the children in your community are properly fed—also housed and educated when possible. But *they must be fed!*

--BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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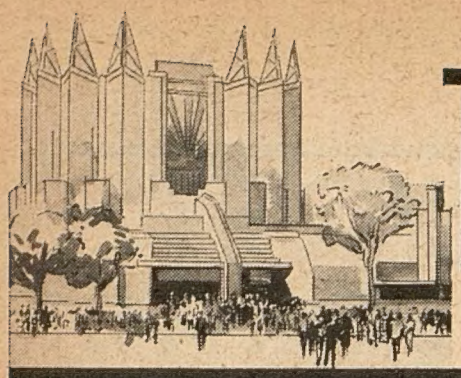


TED TEACHES DAD A LESSON

DAD: Ted, I'm sorry I brought you on this World's Fair trip... I feel so rotten.

TED: I know the trouble, Dad! You need *bran*—just the thing Dr. Hale advised for me last year!

DAD: No bran for me . . . I don't like it . . . even if it *does* help!

TED: You'll like *my* kind—Post's 40% Bran Flakes. It tastes delicious and it contains bran you need.

DAD: That was a mighty good tip, son. This Post's 40% Bran Flakes is the best breakfast food I've ever tasted!

TED: Yes, and it sure does make you feel tip-top too, doesn't it, Dad?

HERE—IN ONE DELICIOUS CEREAL

BRAN for benefits you need . . . OTHER PARTS of Wheat for flavor you'll love

POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES contains 40% bran for bulk most people need to keep food moving along the intestinal tract . . . to help ward off constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. But—it contains *other parts of wheat too.*

And in this combination of bran and other parts of wheat is the secret of its marvelous flavor. And of its high nutritive value . . . its rich content of phosphorus, iron and precious Vitamin B.

So make Post's 40% Bran Flakes the cereal you eat most often. You'll love it. In every bowlful you get those extra benefits. And it costs so little. A product of General Foods.

BACK HOME AGAIN

MOTHER: Now both "my boys" keep fit...with this crisp, tempting breakfast food we eat regularly—each morning. How we love its grand flavor!

POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

MY FAKE MARRIAGE

Acme photo

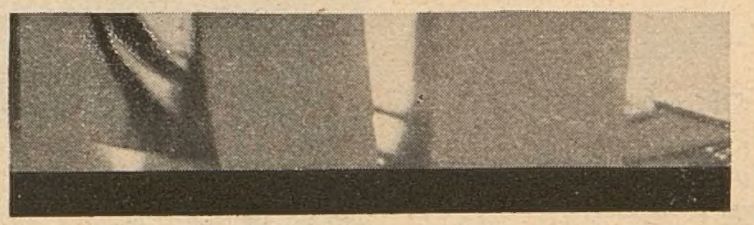
A Famous Opera Star's Own Story of the Most Amazing Milestone on the Path of Her Strange, Eventful Career

From the intimate memoirs of

MARY McCORMIC,

PRINCESS MDIVANI,

As told to BASIL WOON



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THIS is the second portion of Miss McCormic's memoirs to be published. The first, My Prince Mdivani and I, appeared in the October 7 issue of Liberty.

GRAND opera is a racket. To climb to its dizzy heights a woman must be as vain as she is talented, as cunning as she is tireless, as audacious as she is ambitious, as unscrupulous as she is industrious.

She must be prepared to sacrifice everything other women hold precious—even love itself. She must allow nothing, not even ethics, to hurt or delay her career.

If she has money, she must not shrink from corruption; if she has no money, she must get it—and not begrudge the cost. Should a loved one stand in the path, that loved one must be discarded, pushed aside.

She must recognize no barriers to achievement. Although her painful steps upward may trample the bodies of family, friends, and lovers, *she must not falter,* or the price may be failure. And once on the pinnacles of fame, she must be proud and ruthless and never dazzled, for a slip at the top may lead headlong to oblivion.

And she must work, work, work, day in, day out; practicing, studying, scheming—and never count the hours: there is no "code" for the aspiring prima donna!

Except for a few who are old and financially secure, there are no happy prima donnas. We are a sad and nervous lot who have managed to fight our way to that particular "glory" which only opera offers. Were it not for the driving flame of ambition a lot of us might quit—but none of us *do* quit, not while the voice remains.

True, I "quit" twice, both times at the behest of men. But each time I returned, to find that my backsliding had cost me heavily in prestige, advancement, and money. My trouble has been that I possess that most dangerous of all organs for a singer—a heart. I cannot keep from falling into love, quite often with the wrong man.

I repeat: opera is a racket, a many-sided racket that, in the United States, revolves around money and social prestige. Except in San Francisco, the only American city with a municipal opera house, opera could not exist in this country without the financial support of wealthy men and women who enjoy the prestige it gives them.

This does not make it a business. But it does make it a racket. To live, we must pander; to be successful, we must be ruthless; to make money, we must pay a hundred kinds of bribery and blackmail.

Abroad, except in England, opera houses are generally subventioned by the state or city, or—as at Monte Carlo, Biarritz, Nice, or Deauville—are financed from the profits of gambling. In Europe, too, the appreciation of opera is participated in by all the people. It is in their souls. With us it has hardly got beyond our pocketbooks.

This does not mean that the operatic racket flourishes any the less in Europe. To the contrary, European opera is to a large extent controlled by crooked impresarios whom, if you are to get anywhere, it is necessary to buy, bribe, flatter, and—sometimes—make love to. It is not long after she arrives in Europe that a young singer's reticences go the way of her ideals.

I have written this because I want a young girl setting forth on the path of a prima donna to know through what dangerous country that path will lead her. Let her throw away her ideals before she starts, and confine her equipment to the weapons she really needs. All along the waysides she will see strewn the wreckage of her sisters who did not do this—and who did not arrive.

My ambition to be a prima donna dates from the time when I was nine years old. Before I had a voice I worshiped it and

tended it. I left home because of it. I married a man I did not love because of it—and then ran away from him, and from my baby, because of it. I have listened to its every suggestion, its every demand. And it has made good. It has brought me money and fame. I have no other entity. My voice is my all. My voice is me.

I was born in Belleville, a village about a hundred miles west of Little Rock, Arkansas. My parents were John Harris and Jimmie Willard Harris. He was a "Scotchman" from Georgia; she an "Irishwoman" from Tennessee. Father was the grandest daddy in the world. He still is. Before I was born he'd been a rancher and horse trader and cowboy and saloon keeper, and when I came was keeping a store. He has five of them now, in Texas. My mother was of the old-fashioned type. She was so absolutely moral that sometimes even now it frightens me to think of her. She ran our house and us.

I was the third of six children. The eldest was Odelle, who was a hellion, but who believed that it was quite all right for a man to step out and raise Cain, but that if a woman did it she was immoral. Thurman, the second boy, died. Willard, two years younger than I, was a solid, dependable, hard-working, pure young man, who also, I believe, thought privately there was a hell for girls like me. Norborn, my darling Nobbie, is like me—a free soul. Now we get a letter from him from China; next from Buenos Aires. Johnnie, who was a girl, is dead.

From the beginning Nobbie and I were the bad lots, always in scrapes. But Nobbie was a boy, and when he was in his teens he climbed aboard a train and went to Mexico. I cried for days because I could not go too. But that was impossible. I was a girl and penniless. The walls of a small town were my prison.

However, walls are made to be scaled. I worried my parents into sending me to Ouachita College at Arkadelphia. Father took me there, but mother rode with us in spirit, and it was mother's decision with which he acquainted the principal, Dr. Conger.

"For special subjects she is to study elocution and the piano," he said. In those days elocution was very fashionable for young ladies. But I wanted none of it.

"I want to study singing," I said.

"Your mother doesn't wish you to," said father.

"I don't care. If I can't study singing I won't stay."

I began to cry, and Dr. Conger, to placate me, suggested that I should be sent to the singing mistress, Miss Eunice Martin, for a tryout. If Miss Martin thought I had possibilities, I should be permitted to take up singing as a special subject. If not, I was to abide by her decision. Since father, like all my family, thought my pretensions to singing absurd, he agreed—and was a surprised man when Miss Martin reported that if I were not allowed to develop my voice it would be a crime.

When mother heard that I was studying singing she was in a fine flurry. The only thing I could use my voice for was to sing in a choir; whereas if I learned elocution I might some day be a teacher. Little she knew my dream! She would have been aghast. She thought the stage, and opera, the playground of the devil.

SEVERAL years later, when I knew definitely that I did have a voice which, properly trained, might become great, I told her of my dream. She was horrified, afraid, and didactic. "There is only one future for a woman," she said, "and that lies at home, with her husband and children."

"I don't want a husband!" I cried. "I don't want a baby! I want to sing!"

"Hush! You are saying sinful things," she said.

Argument failed, and I saw that if my dream was ever to be realized I would have to appear to fall in with my mother's way of thinking. I would marry! I would have a baby—since that was what she wanted. But they would be only steps toward my career.

There was a boy named Joe Rankin of whom my parents approved—a nice, steady, unimaginative fellow. He had been courting me in a shy way. I determined that he should be my deliverer from the bondage of home.

I married Joe Rankin to get away from my family. I told him about my voice and my dreams. He said I would soon get over my crazy ideas. I told him then that if he would not give me money for singing lessons, I would earn some. He put his foot down, or tried to. Then the baby came. We named her Rebecca.

In the meantime the family had moved to Amarillo, Texas. I ran away from Joe, went to father and asked him for a job in his store. He refused at first. But I said if he didn't give me a job I would get some one else to hire me—did he want me working for a stranger?

Father capitulated. I told my family, saying I was through with marriage, through with dreary small towns, and was going to work to earn my fare to Chicago.

Joe followed me, but had to go away again without me. I went to work in father's store and in a short time had saved a hundred dollars. This was enough—a fortune. I bought a ticket to Chicago.

WHEN I announced my determination to leave, there was a fine row. Only Nobbie and father, the latter reluctantly, stood by me. Odelle would not speak to me, but at the last moment sent me his trunk. Mother begged me to leave my baby with her and I was only too pleased to agree. I knew she thought she was saving the baby's soul.

My ears filled with tearful injunctions, I took train for Chicago. I was scared to death. A dozen times I nearly got out and took the next train back. But something bigger than my pride kept me going, something that had seized me and owns me still—ambition!

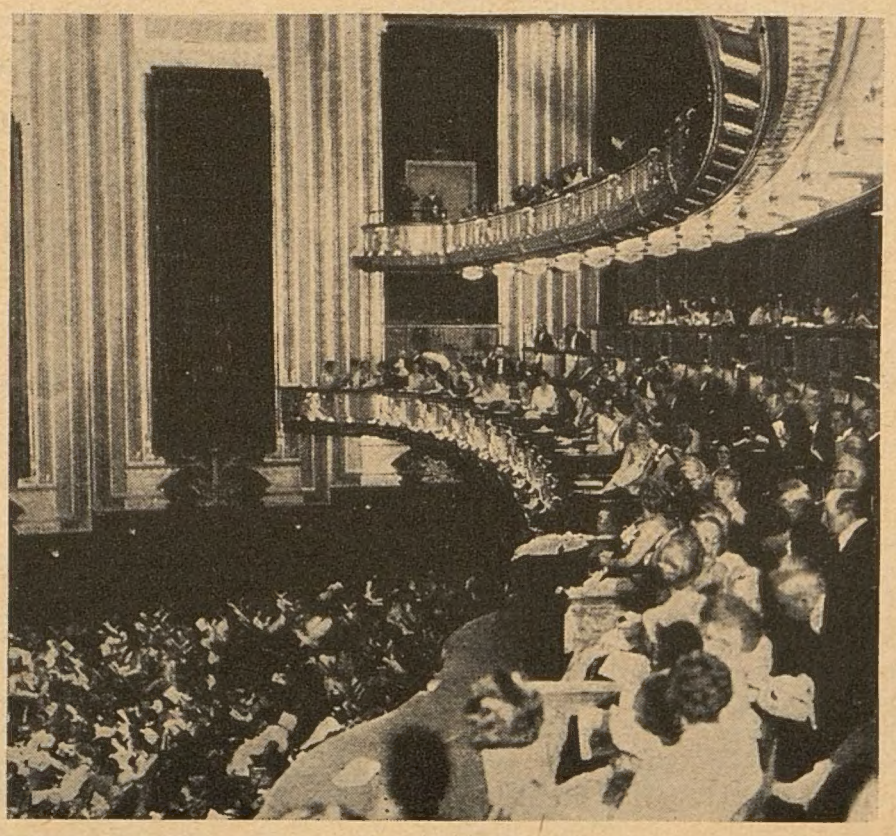
I was young and as yet almost untouched by experience. Even the baby had seemed an incident. She is a great deal more than that to me now. Now that that other me has been partially satisfied I find I can be a mother!

Riba (that's Rebecca) thinks so too.

Practically every one in Amarillo looked upon me as a fallen woman already, and, truth to tell, so dire had been the prophecies, I was a little afraid they might be right. I had never been in a town larger than Little Rock, except to pass through Dallas, and Chicago seemed like a strange and hostile world. I felt forlorn and very alone. I had $86.40 and the address of a respectable hotel where I spent the first night.

The next day I went to Evanston and enrolled in Northwestern University as a student of the voice. I had reasoned that this would be the safest and wisest thing I could do, and as it turned out I was right. My action pleased my family. Father relented and surreptitiously sent me a hundred dollars.

The University Home Bureau put me in touch with a



Acme photo

The Chicago Civic Opera House, the boxes occupied by social leaders on the season's opening night.

Mary McCormic, Princess Mdivani, from one of her latest photographs.

Mrs. Radin who lived on Orrington Street, Evanston. Mrs. Radin, after subjecting me to a rather searching interview, not only took me into her home but into her heart as well. She was a wonderful woman and very good to me.

OF course my money was going and I had to get work. Through the university I signed on with an *a cappella* choir, which led to employment in the choir of a swagger Evanston Methodist Church. There was only one trouble with this job and that was the choirmaster, a red-headed young man who fell in love with me. He speedily became a great nuisance, pestering me day and night. He was one of those difficult persons with opposing sides—the religious and the animal—to their natures. One moment he would be quoting Scripture, the next he would be tormented by desires of the flesh. He was certainly unsafe as an admirer, but I couldn't do much about it. Alternately he would threaten to kill me and to kill himself.

After a year I felt that I had acquired all the professors at Northwestern could give me, and that if I was to go forward I would need more specialized tuition. But this cost money, and as it was I could barely pay my board.

Cabarets were the rage of the moment and nearly all the better restaurants featured girl singers. I wondered if I could not get such work. Without telling my choirmaster, I visited a woman agent. Three days later she sent for me and told me to go to the Brevoort Hotel on Madison Street and ask for the manager. When I reached there I found a dozen other girls seeking the same job. I was the fourth to be asked to sing, and as soon as the manager heard me he sent the other girls away. He told me that my hours would be from eight until ten every night and that my wages would be forty dollars a week. I would be expected to furnish my own evening gowns and they would have to be smart.

WHEN I had been singing at the Brevoort about a week a box of orchids was brought to my dressing room. I opened it excitedly and a card popped out—*Chester Macomic.*

I went running to the manager of the restaurant and breathlessly asked him if he knew a Chester Macomic.

"Sure," he said. "He comes here almost every night. He's a big attorney and in with the guys that run the city."

"Don't forget to point him out to me," I enjoined.

That evening Mr. Macomic did not appear. But the next night came another box of orchids. I had kept the first on ice and they were still fresh, so I took the second lot down to the Brevoort florist and sold them for three dollars. Most of the orchids Macomic sent me subsequently I sold too. I needed stockings more than orchids.

The next night I had nearly finished singing when the head waiter came to me and whispered, "Mr. Macomic's just come in—that's he, sitting at that table."

Hiding behind a potted plant I got a long peek at my admirer and was relieved to find that he was neither old, pot-bellied, nor ugly. His face was strong and mobile. I thought he looked very distinguished.

When I sang my next song I was careful not to look at Mr. Macomic, but I put everything I had into my voice in an effort to please him. When I had finished the manager came to me and said that Macomic had asked for an introduction. He was following close behind and he suggested that we have supper together. I thanked him for the orchids and he ordered champagne.

Next day I asked a lot of people about Macomic. They told me that he was rich, reputed to be a brilliant lawyer, and stood in well with the politicians who were running Chicago. There was some mystery about his home life, but it seemed that he had been married to a Miss McMillan of Washington, whose father had been in Roosevelt's Cabinet, and that they were divorced.

After that we dined or lunched together almost every day and his orchids arrived regularly. The better I knew him the more I liked him. At his behest I moved downtown to a boarding house on North Randolph Street.

I had been careful to tell Mrs. Radin to keep my new whereabouts a secret, but several nights later, to my horror, I saw the choirmaster, looking glum and sullen, sitting in the Brevoort café. He came to my dressing room and I told him then that nothing more could come

Mary Garden, who gave Mary McCormic her chance.

of our association; that I was through. He left, muttering, and for the rest of the evening I was so nervous that Chester asked me what was the matter. I told him.

"If that guy bothers you, just call me," he said.

The next morning, before I was out of bed, the choirmaster arrived, forced his way into my bedroom, and produced a revolver. He was going to kill me and then himself, he said. If he couldn't have me, nobody else could. He had found where I lived by following me home.

Fighting for time, I used diplomacy.

"Why, I never knew you loved me as much as that!" I exclaimed. "I never dreamed what I meant to you."

I began petting him, and finally he put away the gun.

"I'll go home and get ready, and you pack a grip," he said. "When I come back we'll go and get married."

"Of course," I said. "Now don't be too long!"

He departed, and I rushed to the phone. Into Chester Macomic's ear I poured the story of what had happened.

"Pack your things right away. I'll send my car for you," he said.

Ten minutes later his chauffeur arrived, with a gun, and stood guard while I packed. In an hour I was out of the house and moved to an apartment far out on the North Side.

I never saw my choirmaster again.

The next evening Chester came to my dressing room. "I've been thinking it all over," he said, "and it seems to me you need some one to take care of you. If you'll have me, I'd like to be the man. Will you marry me?"

"I can't—I'm married already," I said unhappily.

"I'll get you your divorce," he said.

"How can I divorce him? He hasn't done anything."

"You leave that to me—and the courts."

A few weeks later he summoned me to court, where a judge listened to a brief Chester had prepared and then pronounced my marriage dissolved. I was free!

BUT not for long, for that very night Chester bundled me into an automobile and drove to Kalamazoo, where a justice of the peace read the marriage service.

It never occurred to me then to wonder why he had chosen Kalamazoo, in a different state, or why the marriage was to be a secret.

"For business reasons, darling," he told me, "I don't want you to tell any one we are married until I say it is all right. You will live in my house as my wife, of course, but I do not want a public announcement."

I didn't care. I was happy. I loved him. I agreed to everything Chester asked, even to my giving up my career. In a little while, he said, I could have singing lessons if I really wanted to—but *he* was to be my career.

It wasn't long, however, before I realized that something was wrong. In the first place, I found that, although I was his wife, I was not to manage his household. He had a sister, May, a pleasant, striking, and efficient woman, who had run his establishment ever since his separation from his first wife. She adored him. She would remain, if I didn't mind, to "help with details." I was in no position to object—in fact, at first I was thankful for May's help. But before many weeks had passed I awakened to the realization of my real status—that of a guest. May attended to everything.

Chester never took me anywhere and never entertained any one of his interesting friends. I saw practically nobody. I used to have to beg to be taken to a theater or a restaurant, and then the theater was apt to be a neighborhood movie and the restaurant a place where Chester was unlikely to meet any one he knew. Once, when in the street we ran into a man he knew who was with his wife, Chester did not even introduce me.

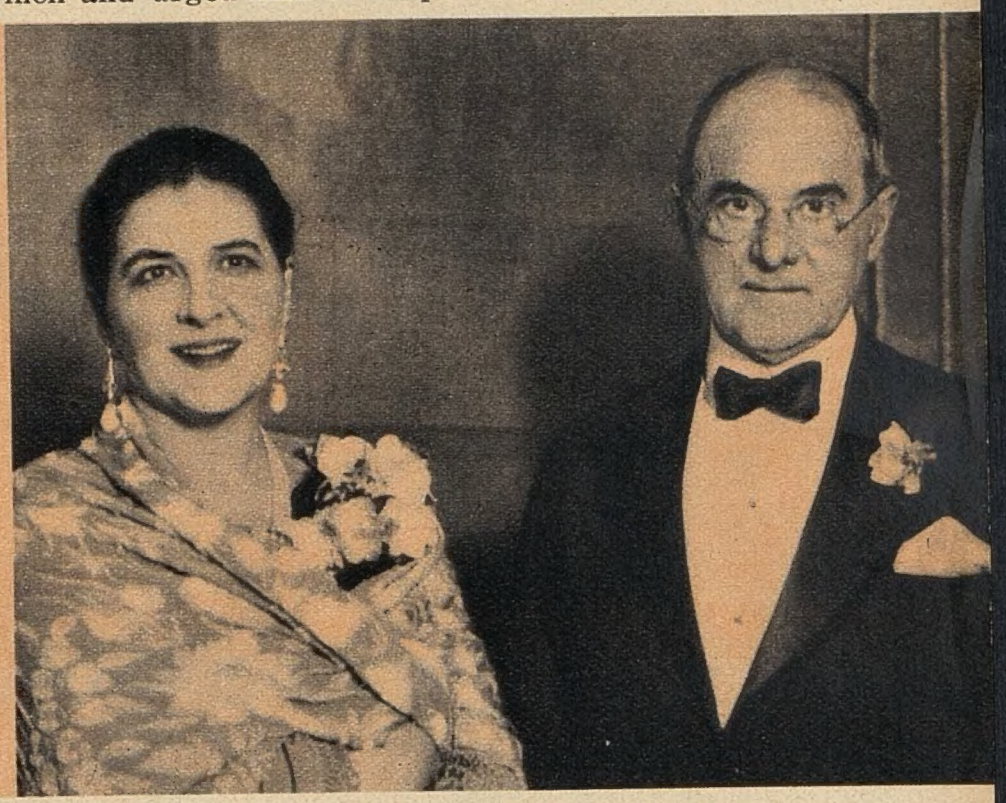
"But I don't understand. Why did you marry me if it had to be kept such a secret?" I cried unhappily.

"I married you to make sure of you. Just have a little patience and everything will be all right."

I WONDERED if some of his business connections could be responsible for his puzzling attitude. He seldom stayed out nights, so I did not think it could be another woman. But I could not help knowing that as a lawyer he was leagued professionally with certain forces that I felt to be sinister. Among his clients were men who were even then laying the foundation of gang rule in Chicago.

Some of those I met have since been killed.

I was afraid for Chester in his connections with these men and urged him to drop them. He laughed at me.



Harold McCormick and Ganna Walska—four years ago.

"Where would my practice be if I did?" he asked. "A lawyer has to live. I do not break any laws. I merely interpret them."

And there, I suppose, you have the average lawyer's defense. I realize that Chester Macomic merely followed his profession to its logical end, thereby imitating his colleagues in every city of this land.

Life went on drearily. I was bored to death. Finally I told Chester I wanted to resume my career. There was a succession of angry scenes, but I was determined.

It had been six months since I had sung. My voice was rusty. I went to the studio of Vittorio Trevisan, a member of the Chicago Opera Company who taught voice. He heard me sing and was quite enthusiastic.

"If you will study one year I think you will be ready for opera," he said. "But you must make up your mind to study at least six hours daily, and you must take great care of your voice. If you wait much longer, or do not work hard enough, its development may be impossible."

I made Chester give me the money for Trevisan's coaching and began to work with a frantic determination. A year later I did feel ready for my first big trial. Marinuzzi, director of the Chicago Opera Company, was to hold an audition. I finally reached the vast auditorium stage, nervous and trembling. I sang Micaëla's

aria from Carmen. When I had sung the last note I bowed and waited. Marinuzzi came toward the stage, looking up at me.

"What else do you know?" he asked.

Trembling, I suggested the aria from Il Trovatore. Marinuzzi nodded approvingly. I sang again. When I had finished he came on the stage and shook my hand.

"I think we can find a place for you," he said. "Come and see me in my office next week."

I went home treading on air. At last I was in opera! My dream was beginning to come true. I went about the house singing happily. Chester was unexpectedly congratulatory. His sister May was kindness itself to me. The skies had cleared. I was the happiest girl!

TWO days later the newspapers announced that Marinuzzi had been forced to resign as director of the Chicago Opera Company because of a disagreement with its principal sponsor, Harold McCormick. The cause was only rumored then, but it was not long before I learned what had happened.

Harold McCormick had returned from Paris with a divorce and a bride. The bride was Mme. Ganna Walska, former wife of Alexander Cochran. Ganna Walska, a Polish woman, believed herself one of the greatest living sopranos. She spent all her time training a voice that—alas!—did not justify, according to those who heard her sing, her faith in it. With Cochran's money she had arranged appearances in various European opera houses, but invariably the critics had been unkind—in some cases even venomous. This did not discourage Ganna Walska. She married Harold McCormick, came with him to Chicago, and announced that she would sing.

The announcement exploded like a bomb in operatic circles. When Marinuzzi heard it, he was at first incredulous, then furious. He rushed to Harold McCormick. "What is this I hear—that Mme. Walska says she will sing?" he demanded.

"If madame says she will sing, I guess she will," said McCormick, who is a gentle person.

"But it is impossible! She has no voice! I will not permit it. After all, it is I who am the director of the Chicago Opera Company!"

"No," said McCormick. "You are mistaken. You *were*. Just at this moment you are without employment."

The company settled Marinuzzi's contract that very day. But the incident was not finished. McCormick could not find a director who would consent to Mme. Walska singing. Finally he gave up, and Marinuzzi was vindicated. Ganna Walska did not sing.

But neither did I! The mere fact that Marinuzzi had accepted me was sufficient to shut the door in my face.

Destiny, although I did not know it, was directing me now toward the two persons whose friendship and interest were to change my whole life and make my dream a reality. These persons were Mary Garden and Samuel Insull. One was my patroness, the other my friend.

Following Marinuzzi's "resignation," Harold McCormick finally bethought him to summon Mary Garden.

Mary McCormic with Riba on board the Aquitania.
U. & U. News photos

"Mary," he said, "will *you* direct the company?"

"Will I!" said Mary Garden. "Why, I always have!"

It was almost true.

Following a season in Chicago the company went to New York. Vittorio Trevisan went with them. Mary's appointment had convinced me that my chances of success in that direction were few. No woman, I was convinced, would ever professionally help another woman. It occurred to me, however, that if I went to New York I might get work in light opera, and study with Trevisan as well. I told this to Chester, and sulked, cried, and raved until he agreed to let me go and pay my expenses.

I found out later, when he came to New York, that his reluctance at my departure had been only pretended. Accidentally I found a letter written to him by a girl of whom I knew. I confronted him with it.

"Pooh!" he said, laughing. "That's just a joke. My partner wrote that letter for fun."

I almost believed him. Chester was such an artistic liar! But I hid the letter—letting him see me hide it. If he took the letter to destroy it, I would know my suspicions were justified. Well, he took it. Later on I met the girl. She was very pretty. I did not care. At this time I was not "faithful" to Chester either.

Vittorio doubted if Mary Garden would take me on. I told him I hoped to enter light opera. He agreed that that was a good idea. I registered at an agent's, began studying with Vittorio, and sat down to wait.

I was getting pretty discouraged, when one day, on Broadway, I met Paul Longone the impresario who was Tito Ruffo's manager. Longone had heard me sing, and suggested that I try for an audition at the Manhattan.

"Mary Garden would never give me a chance," I said.

"Well, I will ask her anyway," he insisted.

Next day he called me up and announced that he had arranged an audition for that afternoon. I was greatly surprised. In an effort to calm my nerves, I took a bus up Riverside Drive and walked back to the Manhattan Opera House. On the way it began to rain. I had on a blue dress with three big roses on my tummy. My shoes were muddy and the dress bedraggled when I arrived. I looked a sight. And the other girls assembled for the audition were in their Sunday best.

I MUST certainly have looked comic enough on that huge stage when I stood out there alone in my funny wet clothes. Mary often joked about it afterward. But at the time I was too filled with the immensity of the occasion to worry about how I looked.

I sang Micaëla first, and Mary's booming voice from the auditorium told me to continue. When I had finished *Vissi d'arte* she rushed up on the stage followed by a smiling gentleman whom I recognized as the great tenor Muratore.

Mary took me in her arms and kissed me on both cheeks. "Come right into my office!" she exclaimed. "Your salary begins at once—today!"

Muratore patted my cheek. "You sang well," he said.

I was put under contract there and then. I was to make my début months afterward, with these two great artists, in Carmen. They asked me my name. I said, "Mary Macomic." The stenographer wrote *Mary McCormic*—and that is how I got the name I use today.

As it turned out, even the "Macomic" would not have been my real name. For, a year or so later, when my career was assured, I went to Chester to ask him a favor.

"I kept our marriage a secret because you wished it," I said. "Now I want you to give me a divorce."

To my utter amazement Chester roared with laughter.

"My dear child! You can't have a divorce!"

I was dumfounded. "I can't?" I said weakly. "Why?"

"Because you were never married!"

And this, I found, was true. The marriage ceremony at Kalamazoo had been performed before his own divorce was final. All the time I had lived with Chester Macomic I had not been his wife at all!

More of Mary McCormic's intimate memoirs will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

He seemed like a decent skate, but sickly.

Fit

K I

A Tale of Shining Love, and a Sudden,

(Reading time: 22 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE old girl's name was Pandora Sequel—or at least that was how she had it on the sign. Sequel didn't sound like a real name, neither did Pandora, and the two together—well— Well, anyway, I thought the name looked funny the minute I saw it, and so apparently did the artillery corporal who sat opposite me at the table on the little mosquito-screened porch. I'd seen this corporal slopping around the Convalescent Barracks in bath robe and slippers and hadn't paid much attention to him. Now, in his uniform, he seemed like a pretty decent skate, but sickly. We all looked sickly that summer. I was sick of seeing sick people and sick of being sick myself, so I didn't feel like talking to him. But that didn't bother the corporal.

He was studying the sign and chuckling. "'The Harbor View, Mrs. Pandora Sequel, Proprietress,'" he read. "Well, say, if she's only the sequel, I wonder what the first part looked like. Do you guess that's a wig or has she dyed it that color?"

"Search me!" I answered.

I unfastened my collar hooks (now that we were back in the North they'd issued us khaki to replace the woolen uniforms which had itched and sweated and tormented us under the broiling sun of Florida and Cuba), sat back, and squirted some seltzer into my iced claret. I turned to consider the view of The Narrows, Fort Hamilton, Sea Gate, and the Lower Bay which spread so grandly below us. Off Tompkinsville four or five men-o'-war lay at anchor, their white hulls tinted coral by the late afternoon sun. I wondered if the Oregon and the Olympia were among them, and vaguely hoped not. We'd heard so much about Dewey and Sigsbee and Sampson and Hobson and the heroic navy in general that we were getting a little sore about it. After all, the army hadn't gone to Cuba on a picnic exactly!

The corporal rolled a lumpy cigarette. He jerked his head toward the green lawns of Fort Wadsworth. "Well," he observed, "this is better'n being down there, anyway."

"It sure is," I agreed whole-heartedly. "Today's the first time they've let me out."

"Yair? Same here. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing now—they didn't know whether I had the yellow jack or the malaria or meningitis or what. They've been all summer trying to find out."

"Unh, yair, fine bunch of croakers! Me, I got floored by the salt pork." He looked beyond me over my shoulder, lowered his voice, and nudged me with his foot. "Just take a squint at old Mrs. Continued-in-our-Sequel over there!"

"Cripes, what a mummy!" I said.

Fortunately the old girl was busy writing a letter; she didn't see me rubbering at her and she didn't hear my words.

She was wearing a wig sure enough—a red one with curls and bangs and fancy dingle-dangles all over it. Around her throat was a broad black-velvet ribbon fastened at the back with a diamond pin, its obvious purpose to support and to conceal as much as possible of the skin which sagged in pouches beneath her chin. Her face was rouged and powdered to the complexion of a Dresden doll's. There were no frown marks, no deep wrinkles around the eyes, no furrows from nose to mouth corners as on a normal face, but only a labyrinth of lines, interwoven and crosshatched like the engraving in the borders of a dollar bill. It was a grotesque mask—a ruthless caricature. But somehow, strangely, you felt that the original had been pleasant and perhaps even pretty.

Observing that my glass was empty, the corporal emptied his own. "What do you say we have another?" he invited. "Er—excuse me, ma'am—"

The old lady looked up from her writing.

"We'll have another round, ma'am—claret and seltzer."

This time, instead of serving us herself, she called in through the window. "My daughter'll be right out," she told us.

Now, if she hadn't said "my daughter" we wouldn't have been quite so surprised at seeing the girl who came

By GUY GIL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

for a

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Dark Memories, Gorgeous Sacrifice

through that door. Of course she'd have made us stop and look wherever we might have seen her and whoever we'd known her to be; but on that little mosquito-screened porch of a Staten Island boarding house, announced as the daughter of the sorry old freak who owned it, she was incredible.

"Good afternoon," she smiled, filling our glasses. "Pretty warm, isn't it? Oh, mother, why didn't you give these gentlemen some crackers or something?"

"I forgot," said the old lady. "Here they are over here, Splendor." She sealed her letter, got up, and went into the house.

"'Splendor!'" I thought. "Well, what a hell of a name to wish on anybody!" But as I watched that girl cross the porch and come back with the tin box, and as I saw her dainty fingers arranging the crackers on the plate, I admitted to myself that it wasn't only a good name but an apt description. She wore a white shirt waist, a blue gingham skirt, and rubber-soled shoes; but when I said to myself that their simplicity was transformed to splendor by the way she wore them, it didn't sound silly. I was thirty-five years younger than I am now, but I'm still willing to let it stand.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the corporal fumbling with his collar hooks, and I hastily fastened my own.

"Oh, don't bother about that!" she said. "It's really too hot. I should think those collars would half choke you anyway."

She stood there smiling uncertainly. The corporal and I were so busy looking at her that neither of us said anything for perhaps a minute. She flushed a little and made as if to move toward the door. "Well—"

"Wait, Miss Sequel!" he restrained her. "Won't you please sit down and have a little drink with us?"

Before answering she turned and peered cautiously through the window. Just then we heard her mother's footsteps ascending the stairs, and this seemed to decide her.

"Why, yes," she said, settling into a chair. "I'd like a glass of claret very much."

The corporal and I introduced ourselves to her and then to each other. His name was Smith, Neilson Smith, and he came from Batavia up in New York State.

P A T R I C

DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

As the daughter of the old freak she was incredible.

I always was a poor hand at small talk. I can hold my end up with a bunch of the boys, but with a pretty woman across the table I tighten up like a clam, smoke too many cigarettes, and grin brightly at what I think are the appropriate places until my jaw muscles ache. But Corporal Neilson Smith wasn't cursed with any such trouble. He moved right in and made himself at home. He amused her with stories about Tampa, frightened her with tales of the Cuban land crabs, and described the storming of the San Juan blockhouse in the best Richard Harding Davis manner. He was, as the modern saying has it, going over big, and I could tell that he knew it, and that it pleased him. Of himself he said little except that he was a Cornell man and in civil life an agricultural chemist.

IT was getting dark now. The sandpaper sounds of katydids came from the trees. In the house the lamps were lighted and two colored maids were setting the tables for dinner. We heard voices and footsteps on the path. Four or five business men, returned from New York by the St. George Ferry, came up the steps, bowed to Miss Sequel, and went inside. They wore straw hats and carried rolled newspapers in their hands.

"Well," said the girl uneasily, "this has been awfully nice, but now I'm afraid I really—"

"Yes, Splendor," came a voice from beside us—a quiet voice but startling in its unexpectedness—"it's really time you said good evening to these gentlemen."

Then from Fort Hamilton came a flash, and the boom of a cannon rolled across the water. Almost simultaneously the sound was echoed by Fort Wadsworth below us.

"Sunset gun!" said Neilson Smith, hastily rising to his feet. "Come on, bunky, we've got to get going. Good night, ladies!"

The next day after lunch Neilson Smith came over to my barrack and asked me to go with him up to the Harbor View. I was running a temperature again and didn't feel

equal to the climb. "But give my regards to Splendor," I told him. "And kiss the old lady for me."

"Ugh!" he shuddered. "I'd rather go back to that Civil War salt pork!"

I remember that as he strolled off toward the gate I thought to myself that he was a pretty snappy-looking soldier.

He dropped around again that evening, and I could see that he was in fine fettle. "Had a slick time," he chuckled. "And say, what do you think? Old putty-face is going down to Trenton tomorrow for two weeks, and Splendor's staying to run the house alone."

"Well, in that case," I said, "maybe I'll be able to make the grade next time you go up. But—well, maybe you'd rather I didn't?"

"Shucks, no. Come along, come along!" he urged. "I mean—why, hell, you and she and I can sit around and talk till the cows come home."

This, when I came to think it over, was mighty decent of him; had I been in his place I wouldn't have wanted to share Splendor Sequel's company with anybody. But as it turned out the doctor said I couldn't leave the reservation for another three days, so Neil had her to himself anyway. The fourth day—a Saturday—there was a review of the garrison regiment, and he got a visitor's pass and brought her into the post.

We didn't bother about the review, but went around to the water side of a battery of eight-inch disappearers, where it was grassy and cool and quiet. We sat there watching the gulls, and the shipping in the harbor, and the big black Oceanic anchored off Quarantine. We talked and laughed and sang some songs: Just As the Sun Went Down, Just Before the Battle, Mother, and a bugle-callish one about "in a trench in Santiago, many miles away"—the point of which was that the boy's father wore Confederate gray in '62, but when the Spanish bullet plugged Johnny in '98 "he was wearing Union bl-u-u-e." It was a very touching ballad. I can still whistle the tune but I can't think of the words.

"Whew, singing's dry work!" said Neil when we had polished off The Banks of the Wabash with a barber-shop chord. "Wait a minute while I go back to the canteen for some pop. What'll it be, boys and girls—ginger ale, sass', celery tonic, or lemon soda?"

When he had gone I took my meerschaum out of my legging, lighted it up, and lay back looking at Splendor. It was hateful to think that some day she might be a painted scarecrow like her mother, and the longer I studied her the less willing I became to admit the possibility. Splendor would grow old as all of us must; her freshness, her prettiness would fade. But she would grow old gracefully. Perhaps, for a time, real beauty would replace her present prettiness, and in turn give way to a certain dignified distinction. No; this girl would never make a spectacle of herself. With her intelligence, and with the old lady always before her as a pathetic example, there wasn't the remotest chance of it.

"YOUR mother," I said, thinking aloud. "I only met her that once, but she seemed a most unusual type."

Splendor stirred and brushed her fingers through the grass. "Oh—mother. Yes, I know what you mean. I've tried and tried to tell her that she oughtn't to be quite—well, quite so extreme. But it's no use. You see, she used to be an opera singer."

"Ah, of course!" I nodded, realizing that she considered this a full explanation of her mother's eccentricity. "Opera singers are such curious personalities, aren't they?" I felt embarrassed because I hadn't expected her to seize so quickly upon what was in my mind. I hastened to change the subject:

"That's a mighty handsome brooch you're wearing."

Suddenly the old lady giggled. "I can always tell a guy who's on the square!"

"It is pretty, isn't it? It's mother's, of course. She never wears it herself, and I can only wear it on the sly."

"I don't think I ever saw one quite like it."

She unpinned it and handed it to me.

It was an oval of green enamel, with a bee wrought in gold in the center and diamonds around the edges. I don't know much about jewelry, but if Cellini ever turned out a better job than that gold bee I'd like to see it.

"Wait," said Splendor. "Hold it up straight and I'll show you how it works." She pressed the top diamond of the border as though it were the stem of a watch, and the brooch sprang open on a hinge.

"Gosh!" I exclaimed. "Isn't that neat?"

In the left-hand side of the case was a little glass window through which I saw a lock of dull-brown hair. On the other side was a beautifully painted miniature portrait of a man I at first took to be Buffalo Bill, but who I then realized was too fat. No, not fat exactly but puffy. Still, the face was familiar.

"Your father," I said with proper reverence. "Was he also an opera singer?"

"Oh, no," she said. "And that's not my father, anyway. I really don't know whose picture that is. But I—I hope you'll understand that when mother was younger she was very beautiful, and that it's considered quite all right for opera singers to accept presents."

"Oh, why, sure!" I agreed. "Everybody's willing to concede such privileges to artists. It leaves open the only

way we ordinary mortals have to express our true appreciation of them."

"That's just what mother always says. Oh, she has some simply gorgeous jewelry!"

I snapped the brooch shut and handed it back to her. In my mind's eye I was running over the pictures of opera singers I'd seen, trying to place the gent in the miniature. He'd be a tenor, of course—an expensive, famous Italian one; but—

"HERE y'are, folks. Get it while it's cold!" shouted Neil, sliding down the grassy slope of the bastion with his arms full of soda bottles. "And here, darling—I bought a present for you."

From his pocket he took a little tin-and-lacquer figure of Uncle Sam, musket on shoulder and knapsack on back, hot-footing it off to the wars. He pinned it to her dress beside the brooch.

"There now!" he said. "It won't be long before all of us are sprinting in the other direction—I mean toward home. Yop, feller, I just heard in the canteen that they'll start mustering us out the fifteenth of September!"

"Oh!" said Splendor softly. "Oh!" For an instant she laid her hand on Neil's.

"Oh what?" he asked her, laughing. "Don't you think you're going to like living in Batavia?"

She blushed and put down her head so that her face was hidden by the brim of her hat.

I realized that three had suddenly become a crowd. I opened my celery tonic and swigged it down.

"Well," I said, "if you'll excuse me, I've got to see that guy down at the mortar battery. Leave the empty bottles here, Neil; I'll take 'em to the canteen on the way back."

I went down to the beach and started chucking stones into the water. I wondered whether he'd proposed to her before, or whether the crack he'd just pulled about living in Batavia was the first he'd said about it. Well, I thought, it really didn't matter; they were a couple so well matched that you could take their engagement for granted.

The only trouble—I scaled out a nice flat stone and held my breath while I watched it skip nine times—the only trouble was that old freak of a mother. I could not doubt that she was an excellent parent; Splendor was convincing proof of that. Her past, if she could keep it buried, wouldn't matter a damn, and it was apparent that she'd kept it mighty well buried to Splendor—so far. But so far wasn't for always, and marriage was. Things might crop up. That Buffalo-Billish-looking Dago in the picture, for instance—who in thunder was he?

I SCALED stones until my arm ached, but twelve skips were the most I could make. I was trying to think of the name of a goateed French general whose picture I'd seen in newspaper stories of the Dreyfus case, but—no, that wasn't quite it either.

I climbed the steep slope, gathered up the pop bottles, and took them over to the canteen. "You git a nickel back on 'em, soger," the sergeant reminded me. "How'll you take it—cash or trade?"

"I'll take a cigar," I said, going over to the show case and looking at the boxes within.

And suddenly I saw the face of the man in the miniature. It was lithographed inside a box cover, and beneath it I read:

"Fit for a King"
NAPOLEON III CIGARS

It is a matter of pride to every man that he makes a principle of minding his own business, but it is a matter of fact that his pride is seldom justified. Thus, although I had firmly resolved to let affairs between Neil and Splendor take their course without gratuitous counsel from me, I was secretly pleased to realize that he had something on his mind which he wanted to discuss. It took him some days to get around to it. Then, one morning the week after Labor Day, when we were loafing under the elms beside the parade ground, he opened up.

"About that old lady, now," he said. "Just how do you figure her, anyway?"

I shrugged and rubbed my chin. "Well, Neil," I answered, "I really don't think it takes much figuring, do you?"

He sat silent for a minute. "That she doesn't; you're right about that. But I'm wondering who she was—and is."

"What has Splendor told you?"

"Not a thing except that her mother was an opera singer. The old lady's brought her up like in a convent for twenty-nine years. Of course she realizes that momma's a pretty awful sight, but aside from that I don't think it's ever occurred to her that anything's strange."

"Tell me, Neil. Are you and Splendor really engaged?"

"Oh, sure. That is, we haven't spoken to the old lady yet, but between ourselves it's all set. I've been holding off speaking to the old lady because—well, I'm afraid to."

"But you've got to, Neil. Then'll be the time to ask her what's what and cold turkey. Why put it off?"

"That's right." He looked at his watch. "I'll go up

there now. Splendor's over in town shopping, and it'll be a good chance to have a talk. But say"—he hesitated and kicked his heel into the sod—"would it be too much to ask you to come along with me?"

"Oh, shucks," I said, "you don't need me!"

"Yes, I do, feller, honest! That old lady—I dunno, she just gives me the fantods. Please!"

"All right," I said; "I'll go."

The boarding-house season had ended with Labor Day, and we found the old lady alone on the porch, sewing. Her wig was frizzed and curled, she was made up as usual, and she wore a pink-satin negligee trimmed with green ostrich feathers. She reminded me of the cake I'd once seen at an Italian wedding.

As we mounted the steps she looked up; but because of that mask of a face I couldn't tell whether she was pleased to see us or not. However, her "Good morning, boys," was pleasant enough, so we dragged over a couple of rocking-chairs and sat down.

We talked about this and that and nothing much for twenty minutes or so; then Neil cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Sequel," he said, "I guess maybe you've guessed about Splendor and me. The fact is, Mrs. Sequel, we were thinking about getting married."

She completed three or four stitches before answering: "Why, yes, I did rather guess something of the sort." Her mask broke into a smile, but it wasn't like a smile on a face. "Please go on and tell me more. Tell me something about yourself."

"Why, sure, Mrs. Sequel; I'll be glad to tell you all you want to know. I expected you'd ask me, just the same as my mother'll ask me all about Splendor—and you."

"Ah, naturally. You speak as though your mother is a widow?"

"Yes. My father was Lieutenant Colonel Shiras Keeler Smith. He served all through the Civil War, and died as U. S. military attaché in Paris in 'sixty-eight. I was only a baby at the time. My mother was one of the Neilsons of Utica. There're a lot of them up in that region, and I can truthfully say they're a highly respected family."

"Of course! Hm—do you know, before you go on I think we all might have a drop of brandy, don't you? This sort of thing—this sort of thing is so difficult to discuss cold, if you see what I mean."

I wanted a drink and I knew that Neil did, but we shook our heads. "Sorry," Neil said. "We convalescents are pledged not to drink hard liquor while we're out on pass. But you go right ahead, Mrs. Sequel—don't mind us."

She got up and went inside. Neil made a wry face. "Looks like she needs a shot of Dutch courage to brace her up for when her turn comes!" he whispered.

"Looks like it, but what do you care? It's Splendor you're marrying, not her."

"Yes; but still—"

"THERE, now," said the old lady, appearing with a quart bottle and a tumbler. "Your father, Colonel Smith, died in Paris; go on, I'm listening." And as Neil continued his story she poured the tumbler full of neat brandy and drained it bottoms up.

I had never seen anything like it, and neither had Neil. The old lady coughed a little but her mask never changed.

"I understand you went to Cornell," she prompted him politely. "What preparatory school did you attend?" She filled the tumbler.

Neil's voice was strained as he went on with his story. It was pathetic to see the expression which passed over his face every time the old lady took a gulping swallow. His words came slower and slower, and though he was telling about the business he had founded and his plans for expanding it, he acted as though he were talking in his sleep.

Suddenly the old lady giggled neighingly and raised her glass on high. "Oh, you're all right, deary!" she cried. "Don't bother to tell me more. I can see you're a nice little boy, so here's lookin' at you!" She tossed off what remained and filled the glass again.

"I can always tell a guy who's on the square soon's I look at him!" she declared. "God knows, with the experience I've had, I ought to!" She threw back her head and screamed with laughter—the tinny laughter of a ribald old parrot.

Neil's face was white. "Mrs. Sequel!" he said, rising to his feet. "Mrs. Sequel! Please!"

"Call me Pandora, deary!" she said, trying to drag him to her lap. "Come on, soldier boy, tell your momma that you love her!"

He pulled himself away. She laughed and downed her third glass of brandy. It was a swinish sight. She reached for the bottle. Neil tried to snatch it from her, and what remained of its contents was spilled on the front of my uniform.

She flew into a fury. "What the hell!" she screamed. "What do you mean by—"

"Sh-h! Oh, please, Mrs. Sequel! Think of your daughter! Think of Splendor!"

"Hunh? Who? Oh, yair, Splendor!" She leered. "Sure! Three cheers for Splendor! There's a wise little gal for you, soldier boy! She told you she was going over to New York shopping, didn't she? Shopping—ha-ha-ha! Well, I'll tell you what she—"

I clapped my hand over her foul old mouth and held her down as she struggled. "Beat it, Neil!" I ordered. "Go on, feller. Quick—get out of this!"

I PICKED the old lady up in my arms and carried her, kicking and cursing, into the house. I heard the screen door slam and Neil's stumbling footsteps as he fled down the path. I knew that there was a sofa in the parlor, so I kicked aside the portière and lugged her in there.

She stopped struggling. "There, it's all right now," she said calmly. "Please put me down."

I looked into her face. Her rouge was smeared, her wig was crooked, but I saw that she was as sober as I. Her eyes were filled with tears.

I eased her to her feet and moved away from her. "Mrs. Sequel," I said, "I don't know exactly what the game is, but it looks to me as though you've played a damned filthy trick on Neilson Smith and your own daughter!"

She covered her eyes with her hands and swayed back and forth. For a moment I thought that she was drunk after all. But I smelled the spicy-sweet odor of sarsaparilla and realized it came from my sopping uniform.

"A filthy trick?" she sobbed. "No, boy. No, no! You don't understand, boy! But—wait a minute!"

She crossed to a little iron safe at the other side of the room, threw off the Afghan shawl that covered it, and twisted the dials. The door swung back and she dragged out a bulky leather-bound scrapbook.

"Come here," she said, opening it on the floor. "But no, no—wait over there a minute till I find it." She leafed over the pages, and from the distance I could see that they were pasted with press clippings—hundreds of press clippings. From time to time she paused for an instant, glanced at a headline or picture, and smiled. Then she would recall herself, shake her head, and turn on. At length, toward the end of the book, she seemed to find the clipping she was looking for.

"Here," she said. "It's in English—from one of the London papers."

As nearly as I can remember it read:

> The tragic death by his own hand of Lieutenant Colonel Shiras Keeler Smith, foreign *attaché* at a Paris legation, has cut short two promising careers—his own, and that of a certain colorature soprano known until recently to have enjoyed the friendship of a most exalted personage. It is said that her support from this high quarter was suddenly withdrawn about a year ago, coincidental with the young officer's arrival in the French capital. The bereaved *artiste* is now at a nursing home in Switzerland, suffering, so it is said, from shock.

The old lady was kneeling beside me on the floor, watching my face. "Well," she said wearily, when she saw that I had finished. "Do you understand why I couldn't tell him—now?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered. "Yes, I guess I do."

I stood up, saluted, and left her kneeling there.

THE END

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GET THIS GIFT!—*RCA VICTOR has a pair of VICTOR Dog salt-and-pepper shakers for you or the children. Modeled in fine Lenox ware after the world's most famous trademark, in two colors, carefully made, worth twenty-five cents. Write for them, enclosing ten cents to cover half of cost and mailing.*

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Is Notre Dame's ON *the*

An Understanding Look at the Plight of Having Knute Rockne's Football Shoes to Fill

(Reading time: 15 min. 55 sec.)

THE wan light of an afternoon in early April of 1931 was sinking into misty gloom when a whistle, shrill, insistent, sounded over Cartier Field.

It meant that football practice was over for the day. But it meant more than that to the three hundred-odd football players of Notre Dame; for in midfield stood a small group of coaches attended by a man in clerical garb, of imposing presence and authoritative mien.

He was the Rev. Father Charles L. O'Donnell, president of the university. Less than a month previously he had presided at the funeral of Knute Rockne. Now, upon this first day of practice for a season which would see Notre Dame deprived of the most brilliant gridiron teacher of his time, he had come forth to announce the manner in which football at Notre Dame would be piloted.

His solemnity reflected the significance of what he was about to say.

"Gentlemen, I have come to say to you that there will never be a head coach at Notre Dame but Knute Rockne."

He paused.

"But," he went on with a faint smile, "inasmuch as we shall continue to play football at Notre Dame, it has been decided that Heartley W. Anderson shall be in charge as senior coach and that he shall be assisted by John Chevigny as junior coach."

Silence endured for an instant after Father O'Donnell had paused again; and then came a cheer, hearty, spontaneous. It ceased suddenly as he raised his hand.

"The eyes of the football world are on Notre Dame," he said. "It wants to know what Notre Dame will do without Knute Rockne. You will supply the answer. Carry on."

Carry on! From the field to the campus went the slogan, inspiring the university with burning impulse.

For undergraduates view the fu-

In circle, Notre Dame vs. Army last year; and below, Hunk Anderson and his assistant coaches surrounded by this year's squad. At right, the Notre Dame-Pittsburgh game last year, Lukats carrying the ball.

Hunk Anderson SPOT?

By LAWRENCE PERRY

ture with eyes sanguinely expectant. And in the case of Hunk Anderson, it never occurred to these Notre Dame boys to question the choice of older and wiser heads.

Already as line coach and right-hand man to Rockne he had made his place. He had in the previous fall developed a complete line—Metsger, Kassis, Yarr, Kurth, and Culvern—out of a set of candidates whose original promise was so forlorn as to fill Rockne with pessimism concerning the 1930 season—which turned out to be as successful a one as Notre Dame ever had.

Had not Rockne given his assistant full credit for an essential achievement, praising him for invaluable service?

No; the undergraduates of Notre Dame had no doubt concerning Hunk Anderson.

But what was the reaction of the public in general? What, in particular, was the thought of the wise disillusioned minds of the gridiron world? And how did the average alumnus of Notre Dame feel?

The answer may be couched in a phrase current at the time: "Hunk Anderson has been put on the spot."

One of the most successful coaches developed by Rockne at Notre Dame, a man who has had marked success at a nationally known university, wrote to me immediately after Anderson's appointment:

"Hunk can have the job. Personally I should not have accepted it had it been offered to me. You know me well enough, and you know conditions Anderson will have to meet well enough, to realize that this is not sour grapes on my part."

Keystone View photo

Hunk Anderson, who as Notre Dame's head coach has the tough job of measuring up to the idolized and lamented Rockne. At left, Notre Dame vs. Southern California.

No, it was not. For the sheer fact is that Notre Dame gave Hunk Anderson the toughest assignment ever handed to a football coach.

For one thing, they gave him a football system which had not lost a game since 1928. Not even Notre Dame can win at football indefinitely, and the operation of the law of averages was overdue when Hunk took the helm.

But there were other aspects. It was conceivable that Anderson could carry on Notre Dame's unbroken record indefinitely and yet fail to convince the university that he was the man for the job. For there is a tactful way of winning football games, and the coach of consistently conquering teams who fails in this respect finds sooner or later that association with desirable rivals is not easy to arrange. To date Hunk has not been obliged to meet this test. But he has had others to face, and the complete answer is not yet in.

Knute Rockne with "Chick" Meehan.

From the time in 1918 when Knute Rockne became head coach at Notre Dame, he established a unique relationship between his university and the public at large. He gave Notre Dame a new place in the national consciousness.

Primarily the university is a Catholic institution, and the success of its football elevens in a great national intercollegiate sport became at once a source of pride to hundreds of thousands of members of this faith who never before had thought about football.

Furthermore, Notre Dame was selected as their favorite by an ever-growing mass of Americans, irrespective of religious affiliation, if any, who had never been to college. This accounted for gate receipts often running into hundreds of thousands of dollars. And for Notre Dame's becoming the most popular college in the United States.

All this very definitely was the work of Knute Rockne, who in addition to his skill as a teacher of football was one of the great showmen this nation has produced. His elevens reflected this quality.

I knew Rockne intimately, and a feeling of warmth invests me as I write about him. He was lovable, diplomatic. He could talk to the coach, to the adherents of a beaten eleven, and infallibly restore them to equanimity.

With rare genius he presented his elevens to the country with a becoming humility, with a subtle deftness, which prevented the public mind from conceiving of Notre Dame as anything like a grimly inexorable and ruthlessly conquering machine. Catching his spirit, those who played for Rockne infused their activities with an engaging and easily recognizable joyousness which patently has since been lacking.

WHEN it seemed wise that his teams prevail by margins not too wide and thus not too humiliating to rival teams and to their coaches, Rockne held his players in check. On the platform or at table, speaking for his university, he was captivating beyond resistance.

His knowledge of football was so deep, his resourcefulness so great, that in the very heat of a game which was going badly he could—and often did—devise remedies and apply them with success.

Such was the man whom Anderson was asked to succeed.

Now, from the technical standpoint, Hunk is a gifted coach. He knows football and he knows how to teach it. No good judge of football who has studiously observed results of his work at Notre Dame will question this statement.

Few, if any, will quarrel with the assertion that in his two years of administration at Notre Dame he has turned in as good a job from the standpoint of football mechanics as any man now coaching could have done—and a better job than nine tenths of them could have done.

On the other hand, he has revealed to date a lack of certain qualities, some of which he may never acquire and others of which he may—if they give him sufficient time at Notre Dame.

SO he is still on the spot, the grimly patient, courageous man of action who is doing the best he can to fill shoes that seem, all things considered, too big for any one man.

If he had only Knute Rockne's gift of speech, Rockne's quick versatility in affairs, Rockne's uncanny facility in whatever situation! But he hasn't. His boys admire him; they respect him; they like him. But he has yet to show that he can inspire them to the heights. Hunk is inarticulate—a rough-and-ready man, blunt, forthright, colloquial; a silent fighter.

Once, not long before Knute Rockne's death, he and Anderson were motoring along an Indiana highway. Knute, at the wheel, became involved in a traffic misunderstanding with a couple of tough characters driving a motor truck. Finally the truckmen swung their vehicle across the road and ordered Knute to get out of the car. Smiling easily, Knute turned to his companion.

International photo

Rockne showing Hunk, then chief assistant, a new play.

"I guess you had better remonstrate with them, Hunk." Which Hunk did so effectively that Knute's assistance was required in lifting them back into their truck.

There was Hunk Anderson at his best, joyously expressing himself in the way he knew how.

We get the other side of his picture at a mass meeting of the Notre Dame undergraduate body, called after his appointment as coach to let him know that the students were behind him. When it came his turn to speak, he rose and advanced slowly to the edge of the platform, where he stood diffidently slouched, a little embarrassed smile twisting his rugged face with its deeply cut combative lines.

"Thank you, fellows," he said. "We have a tough job. But the spirit is here and we will do the best I can."

We will do the best *I* can! The undergrads caught the awkwardness of the sentence. They laughed, as students will. In turn the country smiled. Such was Hunk Anderson's start as football coach at Notre Dame.

Later in the season, when his elevens were winning decisively, he appeared in a short moving-picture feature in which he explained the principles of line play.

Now, it is a theory of Hunk's that football players respond better to colloquial and ungrammatical talk than to fastidiously good English. "Bend them knees" was a phrase seized upon by the Notre Dame players as exemplifying their coach's habit of speech in teaching football.

But unfortunately, in his demonstration for the screen, Hunk either forgot or ignored the fact that he was talking to the great American public.

The result was that his recorded utterance, while perfectly clear and sound, seemed completely out of character in a man who had been graduated as a Bachelor of Arts from Notre Dame.

The editor of a sophisticated New York weekly sent a stenographer to the movie theater where the Anderson reel was being shown, and later printed the coach's discourse verbatim. They say it did not set very well with the president and faculty of Notre Dame.

But at the time no slip in grammar could mitigate the fact that the Anderson football machine was getting away to a grand start. And that, for the time being anyway, was what counted. In the opening test a fair University of Indiana outfit was squelched, 25 to 0, and on the following Saturday the team ran up against the most powerful eleven in the Western Conference, Northwestern.

Anderson, accustomed to frankness, said that if his team won that game it would not be defeated all season. But as it happened a torrential downpour converted the gridiron into a quagmire. The offense of neither eleven could get started and so the game ended in a scoreless tie. None the less Notre Dame gained twice as many yards as her rival.

Then came a glittering string of victories: 63—0 over Drake; 25—12 over Pittsburgh; 19—0 over Carnegie Tech; 49—0 over Pennsylvania; 20—0 over Navy; every eleven except Drake a major opponent.

Wide World photo

Notre Dame's 1932 eleven, with Hunk at right, squatting.

AFTER the Navy victory the public did not wait to elevate the new Notre Dame coach to the throne left vacant by Rockne. Here unquestionably was the man of the hour! Notre Dame was still unbeatable Notre Dame, whose teams had not lost a game in three years; and in Hunk Anderson had been found the hero to carry on the fulfillment of her football destiny.

We all went out to South Bend the following Saturday to see his eleven in what was regarded as the supreme test of the Notre Dame season, the game against Southern California. For three periods the eleven clicked like the smoothly coördinated machine it was. But at the beginning of the fourth quarter, score Notre Dame 14, Southern California 0, something snapped. The Irish slowed up, faltered; while the Trojans, with fire and verve and lancing energy which no one who saw that battle will ever forget, made two touchdowns.

Trailing by one point in the last minute of play, the Trojans drove deep into Irish territory, arriving at the twenty-four-yard line. There was not time to proceed farther, so Johnny Baker dropped back and coolly and easily made a placement bull's-eye which won the game. Thus, as Chick Meehan put it, Hunk Anderson missed being the coach of the year by sixty seconds.

The result was sensational in its public effect; but to students of football it was puzzling. For a team to go three quarters holding the upper hand as Notre Dame had done, and then to collapse, demanded explanations. But no tangible one was ever evolved—other than that the team might have been thrown off balance by three penalties at important junctures. The fact remained that the eleven got out of Anderson's hand—and stayed out after a three-year period in which Notre Dame elevens had won twenty-five straight victories.

Then, to complicate the problem, West Point the following week rolled up the Irish attack with ease and aplomb, and scored twelve points.

ROCKNE, had it been necessary, would have explained everything; he would have salved the wounded pride of his players and his university. But he could have been no gamer, no more admirable, after the Southern California disaster than Anderson was. Smiling in his grim way, he made a little gesture. "Aw, forget it!" he said. "Even Babe Ruth strikes out once in a while. Funny thing, football. Notre Dame has lost one game in three years and every one is hysterical. Perhaps they think we don't know how to lose."

But Notre Dame showed she did know how, showed it right in the dressing room after the game. And the man who led and inspired the demonstration was Hunk Anderson.

The public waited until Notre Dame fell before Army, and then looked askance. But Notre Dame showed how she felt about Anderson by naming him forthwith as head coach—though Rockne was to have been her last one.

In many respects the 1932 season duplicated Hunk's first year with Notre Dame. The team rolled over Haskell 73—0; Drake 62—0; Carnegie Tech 42—0; and seemed set on a devastating course when it went to Pittsburgh—for a game which Anderson predicted would be tough. For three periods the Irish ran Pitt all over the field, yet curiously could not score; and then, deep in the final period, within a single minute, the Panthers rallied to score two touchdowns. And in that minute what had been a great powerful and confident eleven fell apart and even went hysterical.

So here in two straight seasons had occurred the curious, the spontaneous and inexplicable break-up of a mighty machine: just as in 1928, with Hunk Anderson in charge of the Irish at Carnegie Tech—Knute Rockne was in Chicago watching the Army-Navy game—his team folded up and was swamped in the great upset of that season.

Is it some jinx that follows Hunk, or would these startling reversals have occurred under Rockne? Of course, if you want to be psychological, if you believe in the projected power of mental suggestion, you might say that Knute would have kept the team firmly in his grip. Personally I am not at all sure about that.

At any rate Knute had an established reputation as a wizard, and when a Notre Dame eleven of his régime lost, the public either blamed the players or regarded the disaster merely as one of those things that will happen. Hunk Anderson, however, must stand the gaff—even granting that his authority in football is divided, inasmuch as Jesse C. Harper, the director of athletics at Notre Dame, seems to have a very important voice in affairs.

After the Pittsburgh defeat last year came the usual sickening flood of reports that it would be Hunk's last year. There were ill-founded rumors of internal disaffection, innuendos both oral and printed. But the fact remains that Notre Dame appointed him head coach for another year.

If it were for a term of years we could conclude that Notre Dame is perfectly satisfied with her coach; but under the circumstances we can only surmise that he stands as an object of watchful waiting—that, in effect, he is still on the spot at Notre Dame as elsewhere. Unquestionably the present season will see this situation finally cleared up, one way or another.

It is interesting to note that Anderson's administration has been characterized by record-breaking gate receipts. Both in 1931 and last year, periods of acute business depression, Notre Dame's share of ticket-sale receipts amounted to more than a million dollars, and the 1932 attendance of 441,000 was a seasonal high-water mark for this or any other university.

But not even Hunk Anderson's warmest partisans would deny that this extraordinary showing was primarily due to the heritage of joint qualities of color, likability, and athletic omnipotence from a former administration.

It is entirely reasonable to suppose that in face of a certain degree of failure in omnipotence—it should be borne in mind that the art of football is spreading year by year and major elevens are growing ever stronger—Knute Rockne could have met the situation and carried it off.

But can Hunk Anderson? He will have to try. It is too much to ask of any coach of any eleven that his team win all games these days. A time is coming when even Notre Dame's enormous following will accept this point of view. But, unfortunately for Hunk, such an attitude is not likely to exist in his time.

NOTRE DAME could be—as undoubtedly she will be—a strong, powerful, versatile, well coached outfit, and yet could lose to one or all of the following: Northwestern, Navy, Purdue, and Southern California, all of whom at this writing promise unusual strength. But this fact won't help Hunk much if more than one of them win. It will be better for him if none wins. In this assertion we have in mind not the university which employs him but a public which bases opinions on results alone.

Generally speaking, the football Anderson teaches is the sort that Rockne taught and which Hunk learned from him as a varsity linesman and later as assistant coach.

At the same time Anderson has not been slavish in his imitation. Indeed, the Notre Dame offense has undoubtedly moved forward since Rockne passed on. The triple pass to score used against Northwestern last year, the improved end-round play, and the short side attack with the lateral are some of the improved offensive plays added to the Irish attack by Anderson.

IN strategy he has followed very largely the sound Rockne idea; but a departure should be noted from the orthodox pass situation. Anderson's teams are always likely to throw forward passes deep in their own territory, a thing that Rockne never permitted.

Passes growing out of spinners and other running plays have been developed with great success by Hunk. Following the modern trend of football thought, he has supplanted the small active guards of the Rockne era with the heavy powerful type who though fast are less mobile. Heavier ends than Rockne liked are also used. And a much heavier backfield.

You do not see Irish teams making touchdowns out of long runs as often as they did; scores as a rule come after many series of short gains. So there is a certain glitter missing. (The customers like climax runs.)

One misses, too, a certain grace and niftiness in Anderson-coached teams that were very marked in Rockne's elevens; but on the other hand there is now terrific power and a very impressive team speed. Defensively Hunk has retained the seven-man line and backfield box defense, and it remains the most difficult defense for opposing backs to move against.

In brief, Hunk Anderson has proved that he has a head and knows how to use it. But—his record now stands: thirteen games won, four lost, and one tied; a mighty good showing for any coach—yet not so good in the eyes of a public that expects all things of Notre Dame.

THE END

CIRCUMSTANCES PRIZE WINNERS for SEPTEMBER 2

$50 FIRST PRIZE

HARRIET J. BERRY, Chicago, Ill.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

MILDRED N. GLOVER, Savannah Beach, Ga.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

MRS. C. P. ALLEN, Bogata, Tex.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

JOHN ESGATE, Riverside, Calif.

TEN $5 PRIZES

S. J. Chraft, Chicago, Ill.; George H. Eppley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. E. E. Evans, Atascadero, Calif.; Robert J. Hannibal, Grand Rapids, Mich.; C. A. Rich, Terre Haute, Ind.; D. Robertson, Vancouver Barracks, Wash.; Donald H. Rogers, Ithaca, N. Y.; Gwen Tracy, Oxnard, Calif.; Bessie F. Valentine, New York, N. Y.; Robert H. Walker, Berwyn, Pa.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Jack Allen, Indianapolis, Ind.; Felice Andre, Honolulu, T. H.; James F. Baker, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Rubye Baker, Attica, Ind.; Florence K. Ball, Pierce, Colo.; Louis Bermann, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. F. Blattler, Enid, Okla.; Bunny Bryan, Chicago, Ill.; E. A. Burriss, Atchafalaya, La.; R. B. Caron, Plainwell, Mich.; L. R. Chandler, Medford, Ore.; Neil C. Clegg, Ogden, Utah; Donald S. Cook, Tampa, Fla.; Walter H. Crouch, Eldorado, Okla.; Jewell Deputy, St. Joseph, Mo.; Charles M. Dodge, Allston, Mass.

Ida J. Dougherty, Fairhope, Ala.; Vivienne W. Dunn, Wiscasset, Maine; Edith Eatherley, Shawnee, Okla.; Ila E. Fowler, Lexington, Ky.; John Garwood, Jr., Grinnell, Iowa; William C. Glausman, Philadelphia, Pa.; John E. Godsoe, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Lillian F. Harris, Brookline, Mass.; George A. Haven, Chatfield, Minn.; Aleda C. Heagy, Baltimore, Md.; W. F. Irish, Twin Falls, Idaho; Mrs. Edward A. Kellogg, Hyannis, Mass.; Alice H. Kirk, New Haven, Conn.; Isabelle Loor, Elwood, Iowa; Don F. MacPherson, Sundance, Wyo.

James C. Melody, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ray Moore, Southgate, Calif.; Lola B. Murphy, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. D. A. Nance, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Edith E. Owens, Grandview, Ark.; Dale Phillips, Electra, Tex.; John L. Rogers, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mrs. Preston B. Rowe, New Bedford, Mass.; Linda F. Sheddan, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. H. M. Shipley, Sausalito, Calif.; Helen A. Smart, Hays, Kan.; Mrs. William A. Smith, Texarkana, Ark.; Evelyn A. Stebbins, Springfield, Mass.; Helen Summer, Columbia, S. C.; M. R. Thornburg, Whittier, Calif.; Mrs. Vera Toliver, Wichita, Kan.; John B. Wazowicz, Alden Sta., Pa.; Malcolm R. Wilkey, Madisonville, Ky.; Lee S. Woodruff, Hollywood, Calif.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is an abacist?
2—What is the meaning of the term *aqua regia?*
3—How many letters are in the Russian alphabet?
4—What is an axolotl?
5—What is a vicuña?
6—By what name is the manatee commonly known?
7—Humus is what?
8—What is the Sargasso Sea?
9—The phrase *Caveat emptor* means what?
10—What is a redan?
11—What is crewel?
12—What is a *fléchette?*
13—Who was Hugo Grotius?
14—What is a sepoy?
15—What is meant by *terra firma?*
16—Who was the first European to sail the Pacific Ocean?
17—What is the name and weight of the largest diamond ever discovered?
18—What poet wrote: "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage"?
19—Who was the inventor of the universal language known as Esperanto?
20—What is cinnabar?

(Answers will be found on page twenty-seven)

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

LEONARD HOLTON

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A Romance for Those Who Believe that the Things Men Do Live After Them

Beginning a Remarkable Two-Part Story by

RUPERT HUGHES

"They fired in and redooced Torrey to mincemeat. It was one way of lynchin' hi

(Reading time: 18 minutes 11 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE FORGOTTEN EPITAPH

HE had not believed in ghosts, but he had loved ghost stories. He believed in Charles Dickens too, and the annual rereading of A Christmas Carol before a big log snapping like a bushel of firecrackers behind a roaring flame-lit hearth. And he believed in snow and sleigh bells and song in the deepening twilight.

But this year he would not see the tremulous white flakes that forecast the approach of winter in the north. Their soft beauty would never be sifted over the piles of tumbled rock well named the Garbage Mountains. Snow would not redeem the deserted village where he sojourned. It was garbage too, a garbage of time and hope, an abandoned mining town, a ghost town that some one had once named Rainbow.

The nearest thing in Rainbow to the jingle of passing sleighs was the plunk-plank of a cracked cowbell on a runaway burro's neck. The nearest thing to childhood was the second childhood of the deaf and senile desert rat, Jake Hevlin, who chased his burros through the mesquite.

Then they buried him amongst the criminals."

But Charles Dickens was there, as in so many places where the heart grows a little maudlin perhaps for the soft moods that swing beyond sentiment into sentimentality. Titus had found in the vacant jail a torn and saffroned copy of A Christmas Carol, preserved by the dry air from the mortality of abandoned books. His eyes widened at the bullet hole clean through it. They widened wider as he read on the flyleaf a not quite obliterated name, "M. Tor—" To Titus this meant "Merle Torrey," a man from his own home town, East Bradbury in New England.

The coincidence was the less amazing since Titus had come to Rainbow seeking this very Merle Torrey. He had come at the behest of Winnie Sloan—Winnie Mather that was—wife of Bank President Adna Sloan, and aunt of Prue Stiles, the girl that Titus had been engaged to for three years. They had put off the wedding and put off the wedding till the hard times came along. At last, just as they decided that two could starve as cheaply as one, Titus got pneumonia. Pneumonia nearly got him.

The doctor pulled him through but warned him to strike out at once, right away—on the next train—for a long rest some place, any place, in a high dry climate. He suggested the regions north of Tucson or Yuma.

Titus had to break the news to Prue. He had never realized till now that she had loved him so well, or that he had loved her so bitterly. He was to learn of a grief more awful than hers or his; for Mrs. Sloan asked him where he planned to go, and when he told her what the doctor had advised, she said:

"Why don't you try Rainbow?"

"Never heard of it."

"There was a lot about it in the papers along about the year 'nineteen hundred. That was where he went."

"He?"

"Merle Torrey."

"Merle Torrey?"

"Oh, I forgot. He was before your time. But he would be a fine friend for you, Titus—if he's still in Rainbow. The last I heard of him, he was. He prob'ly isn't so wild now, after all these years. All these years! These long, long years! Oh, God! It seems like only yes'day when he had to leave, just like you've got to. Only, Merle had to run away in secret and in shame."

Then she broke, that old woman, that grandmother! Her heart seemed to split open and spill hot blood and tears over everything. Titus blundered.

"Why, Miz Sloan! What relation is he to you?"

"He wasn't a relation. He was my lover. He is my lover. I'll never love anybody else. My life has been one long waiting, waiting, till I can be free and go to him."

SHE told of her girlhood infatuation for Merle Torrey, and of his for her. Merle might not have been so wild, she wailed, if his mother had not been a madwoman who ran off with a handsome sea captain and named her son "Merle," out of a book! By that very name she had sent him along a path he never would have followed if he had been named Jim or Bill, and if his father had been a respectable, plodding merchant. Still, he had tried to settle down to his work in Mr. Sloan's bank and to save money enough to marry Winnie. But he had grown impatient, had borrowed money from the till, had gambled, lost, stolen, gambled again, lost again. The day approached when he could hide his thefts no longer. He confessed to Winnie and bade her good-by, told her of the gold strike at Rainbow and of his plan to go there, make his fortune, repay the bank, and send for her.

"And I said to him, 'Merle,' I said, 'I'll come to you dead or alive, as soon as I'm free—if you're still free—if you still want me.' And he said to me, 'Winnie, I'll never be free from you. I'll always want you—here and hereafter.'"

The very day after Merle fled, the bank president, Adna Sloan, had called to tell her that he had discovered Merle's embezzlement; and that he had loved her as much as Merle ever had. He warned her that banks pursued thieves forever, never gave up, always got their man. She could never marry him because he would either be an everlasting fugitive or a convict in a cell. If she went to him secretly, it would only make his capture the easier. She had lost him forever for herself. She could only save him from prison. Then Adna Sloan told her that he had loved her all his life; if she would marry him, he would reimburse the bank for the money Merle had taken, and see that he was neither pursued nor prosecuted.

So she consented, sacrificed her freedom to save Merle's. Sloan exacted one promise, an oath on a Bible: that she would never speak to Merle, never write to him, or telegraph, or send him any message of any sort, never receive

As he threw back his door he found a bearded giant.

one from him, as long as she lived, so help her God.

"I took the oath and I married Mr. Sloan. And I always called him Mr. Sloan—bore him four children and always called him Mr. Sloan. To his face and his friends I called him that, and to his children too—to our children, I suppose I ought to say, but they always seemed— I kept my word and he kept his. Letters came to me from Merle. Mr. Sloan returned them unopened to the post office. Telegrams came. Mr. Sloan sent them back. By and by Merle stopped trying to reach me. He prob'ly read of my marriage. It nearly killed me to think of him wondering why I turned traitor on him, but it didn't quite. I've never been quite dead nor quite alive since.

"If you should go to Rainbow, Titus, look him up. I'm not giving you any message, I'm just saying if you should find him you might let Prue know if he's well, how he looks. Is he married? Is he happy? Is he—dead?"

When she realized that Titus and Prue were in possession of her soul's old secret, she glared at them as if they had stolen it from her. She fetched a Bible and held it before them:

"I want you should both swear on the Scriptures that you'll never tell anybody what I told you—except Merle, of course, if you find him."

They swore. Indeed, they were afraid of their knowledge, ashamed of it, shocked by the indecency of Mrs. Sloan's exposure of her naked soul—a grandmother, a banker's wife, cherishing a girlhood romance!

When Titus reached Yuma, only half alive, he asked about Rainbow. Only the older men remembered it, and they as something vanished. They warned Titus against it as a cruelly lonely place in a bleak waste; but from his little hoard he bought himself an old car and some supplies, and set out. When the road to Rainbow left the highway the car wormed up and up through Garbage Cañon. The higher Titus climbed the better he breathed. With a sudden swerve round a jut of tarnished rock, the road gave him Rainbow, its squat skyline hiding the emptiness of its spaces, a sleepy one-street village. Titus coasted into it, and found only houses and not a human soul. The doors were wide on empty shops; the windows revealed vacant rooms.

TITUS stopped his car, stepped out, looked in all directions, sounded his horn. Its squawk was answered only by its own raucous echoes. In a sudden desperation of loneliness, he yelled: "Hey!"

His own voice came back at him in a rush of voices. He would have run away, but he feared the long drive back to Yuma in the dark. He decided to put up for the night, and set out to select for himself a lodging. The brick courthouse was the best building, but it was locked. That puzzled him. What if Merle Torrey were still here, alone? Titus pounded on the door. No one answered. He tried to look in through the dirty windows, but the cracked blinds shut out his eyes. The hotel was open, but its floors were tremulous beneath his feet; there was a certain uncertainty about its cornices; the ceilings promised to tumble in upon him.

But the jail was dry and its walls were solid; its stone floor was firm; the iron-barred gate and the wooden door would keep invaders out.

In the empty fireplace Titus set up his cooking kit. A creek ran past the jail and there was actually water in it. Titus made a picnic of getting himself a dinner—coffee, bacon, and wheat cakes. A boyish zest filled his soul as he flipped the flapjacks in the

"Who the hell are you?" the Scriptural person replied.

frying pan. His coffee was weak, but he braced it with a little whisky from a disguised demijohn he had brought along on the advice of an amiable Yuman bootlegger who recommended it as a cure for snake bite.

The next day's dawn woke him to a slow realization of his solitude. He owned a whole city. He was the mayor, the constable, the aldermen, all the people. He paid no rent, no taxes, made his own laws and traffic rules.

But he could not overcome the feeling that he was being watched; that some one was rocking and sewing behind those windows; that somebody was about to step out from every store, or walk round the corner of every house. The first man would surely be Merle Torrey. He heard

children's laughter in a trick of the wind. A blown tumbleweed rolling across the sidewalk was a rush of feet.

Women had been here: he found hairpins in the back rooms of saloons, cheap trinkets, heels of dancing slippers, spangles, a wedding ring. He wondered if Merle Torrey had flirted with or loved any of these wantons. About each relic and about each name on a signboard Titus wove a biography.

In a corner of his jail he noted a heap of dusty newspapers and mining pamphlets, a few frayed books. With his stick Titus poked about among the papers, keeping alert for a snake or a rat; finding none. But now he found the copy of Dickens with Merle Torrey's name in it. He was warm on the trail. But the bullet hole added a new bafflement. Why was it there? The bullet hole was not all. Throughout the text every now and then a letter in a word or a whole word had been underlined in pencil. What could this mean? He could imagine no solution. He gave it up in despair.

TO kill time he reread every line of the old newspapers. Among them were some from his home town, and in one of these was a notice of Adna Sloan's marriage to Winifred Mather. This must have belonged to Merle Torrey. Titus could feel the blow it must have been to him to learn of Winnie's marriage. But why were the newspaper and the copy of Dickens left in the jail?

He found out one day when he explored the cemetery where slept the abandoned dead of an abandoned town. There, on a lonely isolated grave, he read this epitaph:

M. Torrey
LYNCHED BY MISTAKE
GOOD LUCK PARTNER
THE JOKE IS ON US

So that was how Merle Torrey had left Rainbow! And Titus had promised Winnie good news of her lover, the baffled tenant of the earth at his feet! Poor Merle! Poor Merle! He would never know that Winnie had kept with him a faith more faithful than faith. There was no way of sending him word. Yet there must be somewhere, somehow, a way to find and persuade Merle of the truth. Meanwhile Titus had to break Winnie's broken heart again. He wrote Prue a long letter, to be mailed when he revisited Yuma to replenish his supplies.

The next morning before he woke he dreamed of cowbells clanking along New England lanes. As he threw back his jail door he found in front of him a bearded giant, something like one of the people in the Bible pictures. Except for a ten-gallon hat, a woolen shirt, corduroy breeches, and boots, he might have been one of the apostles. And with him were two or three asses right out of Biblical times.

"Hello, Balaam, old boy!"

"Who the hell are you?" the Scriptural person replied. He had the

Mother, never give children a grown-up's laxative

THE welfare of your children is your first thought at waking. It is your last thought at night.

And yet, you may be doing them *harm* by giving them laxatives intended for adult use... laxatives often too strong for children.

Constipation affects 90% of all children

No child is immune from constipation, for one of the causes of constipation, mother, is beyond your control—the tendency to neglect nature's urgings for extra minutes of play.

The tell-tale symptoms

When your child is sallow, finicky—probably his elimination is *not* thorough. *Give him a safe laxative—Fletcher's Castoria.*

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Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
for
constipation
in children

from babyhood to 11 years

cruel advantage of the deaf. He did not hear. He just talked. "My name's Hevlin, Jake Hevlin, and I'm the only citizen of Rainbow. How'd you git in? What's that you got there inside—a dimijohn?"

"Yes," screamed Titus. "Want a swig?"

"How about givin' me a drap?" said Hevlin, moving past Titus and helping himself. Under the spell of Titus's whisky he was warmed to talk of the great days of Rainbow, and tirelessly of himself.

"I come here a puny sickly runt like you. Got strong as a mule in no time. Earned four dollars a day workin' in the dry tunnels; much as five in the deep wet tunnels. But it all went faster'n it come, what with gamblin' and girlin'. Went out prospectin' for myself. A little luck at times, but never had no luck with poker or petticoats. Rainbow had a big day while she lasted. Lots of gold was tooken out. But it begun to come slower and slower, and all of a suddents stories begun to trickle in about new gold strikes in other places. All of a suddents the people just up and moved out like somebody had hollered 'Fire!' in a theeayter. I says to myself, 'Hell, what's the use of always follerin' other folks?' So I stayed on. Me and these little burrers of mine go out jackassin' for gold. Don't often find none, but often enough to keep myself in bacon and booze. It's better'n wastin' my time listenin' to folks talkin' nonsense and makin' fools of theirselves."

"Did you ever know a man named Merle Torrey?"

"Haow?"

"Merle Torrey! Merle Torrey!!! Did you ever hear of a man named Merle Torrey?"

"Yep; he was the last man we lynched before the town moved out. The joke was on us." He laughed with the good cheer people feel toward the deaths of long ago.

"Why did they lynch him?"

"Who? Torrey? Oh, yes. Well, he was accused of bein' mixed up in a holdup. He said he was out prospectin' but wouldn't say where. So they slammed him in the jail. Leadin' citizens decided to hang him up as a example. Sheriff refused to deliver the keys. Fact is, he hid 'em. We got ready to bust the door in with a big log for a batt'rin'-ram. But the mayor spoke up an' says, 'Boys, why spoil a beautiful new jail, the pride of Rainbow? We'll need that door. It's new and it'll cost the taxpayers a lot to replace it.'

"THE town's funds was runnin' kind of low anyhow, so some of the citizens piled up some boxes till they reached the winder of the jail, and they fired in and redooced Torrey to mincemeat. It was one way of lynchin' him. Then they buried him at the bottom of the cemetery, amongst the criminals. Later they ketched the real robbers with the goods on 'em. They confessed and said they never knowed Torrey, never heard of him. So the citizens moved Torrey's grave up amongst the quality and put an apology on the headboard. Right after that the town moved away. I used the jail for my headquarters for a while, but it was ha'nted. Torrey's ghost used to come wailin' round there of nights. What you laughin' at?"

"At anybody believin' in ghosts."

"Haow?"

"At anybody believin' in ghosts."

"Don't you believe in ghosts?"

"NO!!"

"Wait till you see one."

"I'll wait."

"Haow?"

"I'll wait!!!"

"Good night! I may be deef, but you're dumb."

Hevlin moved on to the City Hall, leaving Titus prey to another overwhelming regret for Torrey and for Winnie.

He could only write Prue a long, long letter, telling her how he yearned for her and recounting the ancient news of Merle's fate.

Hevlin came back the next day, exalted to find a tenderfoot who knew even less than he did. He filled Titus's head with excitement over stories of abandoned mines, valuable tailings in old shafts, boundless fortunes hidden under sterile rocks. He took from the City Hall his placer-mining outfit and his pestle and mortar and pick, and led Titus far up the creek, where he let the sandy water run across the riffle board. They found a trifle of gold dust—two dollars' worth at most. Hevlin called it "float." To Hevlin gold was always "the Right Stuff." He found a chunk or two of ore, which he broke up in the pestle and washed. His success netted him as much as four dollars' worth of mineral. It was a big day for Hevlin, but suddenly he tired of so much society and rounded on Titus.

"Go on back to Noo England naow, and leave me be. You're overcrowdin' Rainbow."

Titus declined to be evicted. The next day Hevlin and his burros had vanished into the rock wastes. Titus walked the streets alone again but with a new interest in the buildings since Hevlin's stories had given each of them a tenant, a history. From this gambling hall two men had staggered out, gushing blood, and died in the dust. In that saloon a dancing girl had knifed a gambler, and another girl had shot her dead; she had fallen across the bleeding gambler's lap and died, both her breasts rolling out of her low-necked gown as her head hung back.

HEVLIN was still evidently pained by the lethal beauty of those dead white breasts and the round legs the wanton had bared in her last throes.

He described Merle Torrey too, the handsome, popular fellow with a cloud over him. All Rainbow was repopulated with thin wraiths. At night Titus's fancy lighted lamps in the dark homes, and made the saloons and gambling hall radiant and noisy. He flamed with a sudden ardor for gold, too. Here and there he gleaned a meager heap of dust, a few tiny nuggets, but more health than wealth; for his arms grew strong with the pick and shovel, mortar and pestle. He ventured into old shafts. He clambered about the sharp steeps with growing power.

In Yuma there were always more letters from Prue. She had been so distraught by the story of Torrey's murder that she had run to Winnie with it, and Winnie had fallen to the floor as if struck by lightning, and groveled there, tearing at the rug and trying to smother in it her grief and self-reproach and deathless love for Merle. Luckily the children were all out of the house and Mr. Sloan was at his bank; but Prue was so alarmed that she had called the doctor. By the time he came Winnie had regained control of herself, and had warned Prue not to speak. The doctor looked grave and installed a day and a night nurse. Winnie was dangerously ill.

The tragic punishment of Winnie's fidelity filled Titus with fear. He wondered if he, too, must die out here in the desert while Prue wasted away. He plunged into the drear regions again on the hunt for gold. Nothing checked him—narrow escapes from the fangs of snakes lurking in the ledges he ransacked, long falls, painful bruises. He fainted with exhaustion. More than once he was like to have died of thirst. He searched on, his strength increasing as he spent it.

He lost almost all track of time, and there were no seasons in the desert crags to furnish him a calendar. By and by Prue was writing that she was working at

NEXT WEEK—

TARZAN COMES TO LIBERTY

The Greatest of All the Stories Written Around the Most Widely Known Character in Modern Fiction

TARZAN and the LION MAN

By

Edgar Rice Burroughs

her Christmas presents; that the congregation was busy on plans for the Sunday-school tree. She wrote of the first sweet snow, of sleigh bells pealing past. He was smitten with homesickness for New England, for the snow-muffled streets, for the crowded shops full of tinsel and toys.

He hated the miserly Garbage Mountains in whose stingy, close-lipped, skinflint sierras there were veins and arteries swollen with gold, the purchase price of raptures, munificences, mercies. In a fury of search he climbed higher than ever, farther than ever.

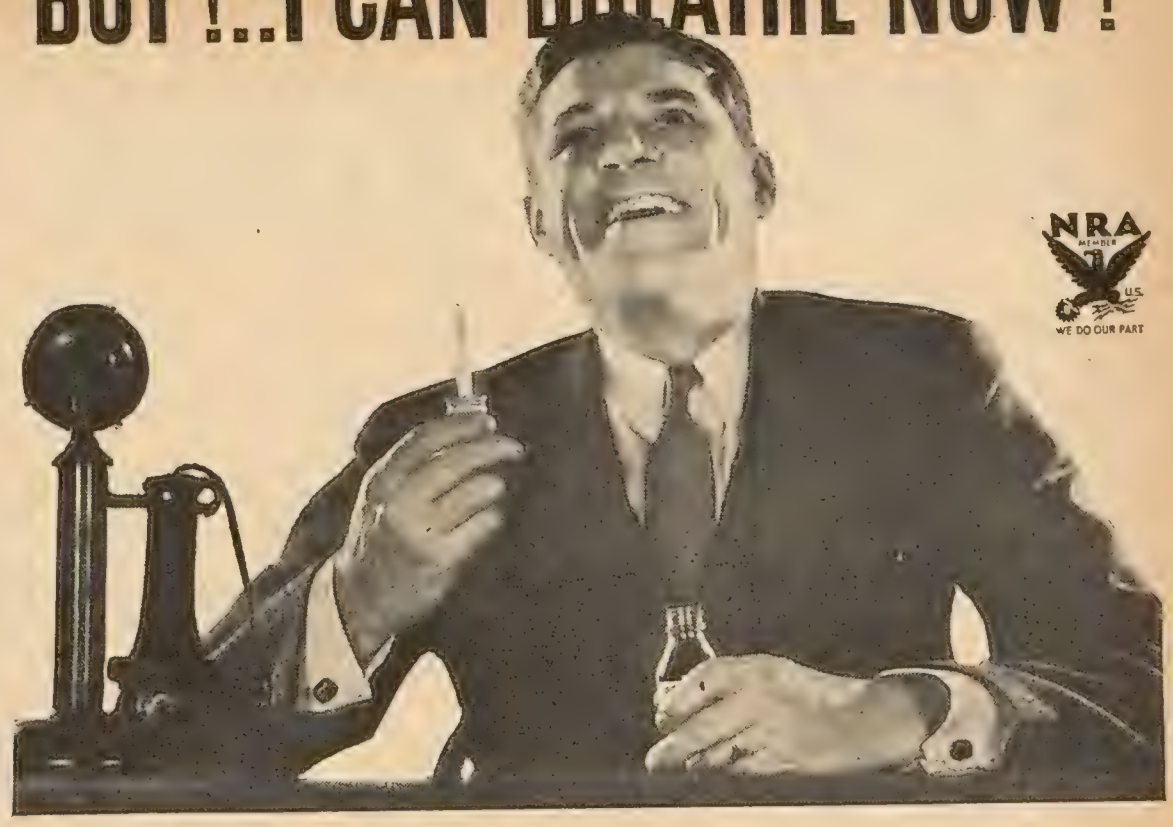
One afternoon on a sun-blistered spire of blinding quartz, as he jumped from one keen edge to another, a great rock rolled back with his weight. He barely escaped going with it when it bounded and roared down and down a staggered precipice of scorched and cindered rubble. Before his eyes was a gaping cavity left by the fallen rock. Human hands had been here. A pick and shovel lay before him. Candle ends and matches were scattered about on the floor, and with the smoke of a candle some one had traced on the entrance wall a great letter. Was it a W or an M?

The concluding installment of Ghost's Gold will appear next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—A calculator.
2—Literally, royal water. It is a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids which dissolves gold or platinum.
3—Thirty-five, including the diphthongs.
4—A larval salamander found in parts of Mexico and the United States.
5—A wild ruminant of the Andes, of the llama family.
6—The sea cow; the walrus, dugong, and hippopotamus are also sometimes so called.
7—A soil formed by decaying vegetable or animal matter.
8—A large body of floating seaweed in the North Atlantic Ocean.
9—Let the buyer beware.
10—A military work with two parapets forming a salient angle.
11—Loosely twisted yarn, used in fancywork.
12—A small steel shaft or dart to be dropped as a missile by airplanes.
13—A Dutch diplomat and scholar who wrote the first book on international law.
14—An East Indian native employed as a soldier, particularly by Great Britain.
15—Firm or solid earth.
16—Ferdinand Magellan in 1521.
17—The Cullinan, weight 3,024¾ carats uncut.
18—Richard Lovelace in To Althea from Prison.
19—Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, 1887.
20—Sulphide of mercury, or artificial red mercuric sulphide, from which the pigment vermilion is obtained.

"BOY!...I CAN BREATHE NOW!"



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Have fewer colds in your home this winter. Get rid of colds more quickly. Vicks Plan will help you do it, as it is helping millions. In medically supervised clinics in which 5823 men, women and children took part, tests show that Vicks Plan materially reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds. (Of particular interest to mothers—the Plan cut school absences due to colds 75%). Full details of Vicks Plan, and its simple rules of health, in each package of Vicks Nose Drops and Vicks VapoRub.

To prevent many colds—to ease nasal distress—use Vicks Nose Drops

To relieve a cold—to cut its duration and severity—use Vicks VapoRub

Scotland Yard and Greenland Ice

Melodrama in the Sky; An Exciting Picture of Arctic Grandeurs; A Bitter Story of Youthful Vags; and a Film of the American Farmer

By BEVERLY HILLS

(Reading time: 7 minutes 55 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ THE SOLITAIRE MAN

THE PLAYERS: Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allen, Mary Boland, Ralph Forbes, May Robson, Lionel Atwill. Directed by Jack Conway.

FOR some obscure reason no Hollywood scenarist has yet written a Grand Hotel story in which all the action takes place on a passenger airplane. The Solitaire Man is the closest approach to such an innovation yet revealed. By the time it is half over, all the leading characters are on a plane from Paris to London, squabbling about a diamond necklace, a murder which one of them is suspected of having committed in Paris, and the question of which one is the Solitaire Man, who is not a card sharp but a diamond thief.

Marshall, Allen, and Ralph Forbes are jewel thieves. Forbes has stolen a necklace under circumstances which make it look as though all three will be arrested. Marshall tries to return it and in doing so blunders into a situation which makes it look as though he is guilty of murdering a Scotland Yard inspector. There is a stony-faced individual on the plane who lets it be understood that he is a Scotland Yard inspector also. Among the other passengers is a garrulous American lady who, when she learns about Marshall's criminal doings, seems favorably impressed. "Little things like that don't bother me," she says. "In Peoria, my husband runs a bank."

Marshall is an English actor whose slight limp is caused by the fact that one of his legs was shot off in the war. Currently he is on a Honolulu vacation with his wife, Edna Best, who always acts with him on the stage and never in the movies because no producer in Hollywood has yet had brains enough to give her a good part. It will be a pity if Marshall—who was a good-natured kleptomaniac in Trouble in Paradise a few months ago—does not soon graduate from impersonating gentleman crooks.

His smooth, mannered acting is the chief merit of The Solitaire Man. It is a minor melodrama, more funny than frightening, and up-to-date without being either dirty or affected.

★★★ S O S ICEBERG

THE PLAYERS: Rod La Roque, Leni Reifenstahl, Sepp Rist, Ernst Udet, Gibson Gowland, Walter Riml. Directed by Tay Garnett.

One of the minor mysteries of the moving pictures for the last year or so has been the disappearance of Rod La Roque. It turns out that he has been concealed in an iceberg somewhere off *(Continued on page thirty)*

Lionel Atwill, Herbert Marshall, and Elizabeth Allen in one of the tense scenes from The Solitaire Man.

Melodrama near the North Pole—Gibson Gowland and Walter Riml as they appear in S O S Iceberg.

"Now I'm schoolgirl complexion all over"

Wise Mother... she uses her own mild Palmolive for baby, too

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

BABY'S skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily... leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is *the soap of youth.*

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Why, really, there can be *two* schoolgirl complexions in your home . . . both kept clear and radiant by this soap with its secret blend of gentle olive and palm oils.

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth

* JOAN CRAWFORD *
M-G-M STAR IN *Dancing Lady*

How Joan Crawford Gives Her Beauty Dramatic Appeal!

FLORENCE VONDELLE *interviews*
JOAN CRAWFORD

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTES
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEADS
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and also check here ☐
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MAX FACTOR * *Hollywood*

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . COSMETICS OF THE STARS

Frankie Darro, Edwin Phillips, and Dorothy Coonan in the convincing and bitter Wild Boys of the Road.

(Continued from page twenty-eight)
the coast of Greenland. S O S Iceberg reveals him, wrapped up in a small beard and several thicknesses of fur, blinking at the camera with an air of pardonable surprise.

S O S Iceberg is an adventure film in the grand manner, which means that it includes a foreword explaining that Nature is the heroine. Five polar explorers, on the trail of some undefined scientific data, find themselves picnicking in what look like very comfortable snow huts on the edge of an arctic precipice. Just when it is beginning to look as though there will be no story at all unless a polar bear interferes with their breakfast, one of them sets off on ski in the middle of the night for purposes best known to himself. The four remaining explorers set out after their companion and promptly get marooned on an iceberg. By a happy coincidence it is the same iceberg that the leader of their expedition has selected for a rest, and they discover him in its basement, enjoying forty winks.

It goes without saying that both parties have lost their food by this time and that rescue airplanes are soon scouring the snow fields. Faced by a combination of perils, the explorers do the best they can. One of them goes mad, one tries to swim ashore, one falls overboard, one is eaten, and one, Rod La Roque, wisely stays as quiet as possible till his wife arrives.

Fortunately, in a picture like this, the story makes no difference at all. All the audience is supposed to want is ice, and the ice in this one is superb. Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, helped a Universal company, which was on location for six months, to make it. It is customary in such cases to dismiss the photography with a word or two of praise, but in this case any such summary treatment would amount to libel. The iceberg in the title rôle seemed to us to be one of the most appalling heavies which Hollywood has presented since Lon Chaney.

★★★ WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD

THE PLAYERS: Frankie Darro, Dorothy Coonan, Edwin Phillips, Rochelle Hudson, Ann Hovey. Directed by William A. Wellman.

Wild Boys of the Road is by no means an entertaining picture. It is a violent and unhappy story of what happens to three children who take to riding freight trains because their parents have no money. They join a crew of young characters like themselves, irresponsible, hungry, courageous, and desperate, and presently become its leaders. The most exciting parts of the picture are those which show this dangerously miserable band beating up railroad detectives, building themselves a squalid city on a municipal dump heap, fighting the police who come to chase them out. The story ends with the kind of happy ending that has suddenly become popular in Hollywood—contrived by the NRA. But it leaves you wondering what—now that jobs may have been miraculously discovered for Frankie Darro, Dorothy Coonan, and Edwin Phillips—has become of their starved and likable companions.

Wild Boys of the Road, like another Warner Brothers production, Mayor of Hell, resembles a Russian film called The Road to Hell—of which, as a matter of fact, Warner Brothers split up the plot for their two pictures as neatly as they split its title. Unlike The Road to Hell, Wild Boys of the Road moves fast and tells its story in plain terms. Frankie Darro, the brilliant young actor who was the leader of a reform-school riot in Mayor of Hell, gives another first-rate performance. But Dorothy Coonan, a girl who played in the chorus of 42nd Street and was given her rôle in this picture because of the way her nose wrinkles when she grins, is the real star of Wild Boys of the Road.

★★ GOLDEN HARVEST

THE PLAYERS: Richard Arlen, Chester Morris, Genevieve Tobin, Roscoe Ates, Julie Haydon. Directed by Dudley Murphy.

This is a fair example of what usually happens when Hollywood sets out to make a picture with a Message. It sets out to glorify the American farmer and it ends as an accolade to the Chicago wheat pit. Between times it contrives to be a solemn, well acted, and unlikely story in the manner, but without the charm, of State Fair or Stranger's Return.

Considered as a whole, the most interesting thing about Golden Harvest is the earnest skill with which it builds up an argument and then, pre-

sumably out of the fear of offending some one, carefully throws it away. Chris Martin, the eldest son of a prosperous wheat farmer, goes to Chicago, uses his knowledge of crop conditions to make a fortune in wheat, and marries the daughter of the biggest speculator in the pit. His brother Walt stays at home to cultivate the crops. He marries a neighbor's daughter and presently they have twins. When the wheat market goes down, Walt organizes a farmers' strike and Chris helps him out by buying wheat on the exchange.

Whatever Golden Harvest has been leading up to is rapidly forgotten at this point. Walt Martin's farmers suddenly decide they are tired of the strike. They go back to plowing their fields, causing the bottom to drop out of the market and ruining Chris Martin. His wife (Genevieve Tobin), who has hitherto been a trifle sharp about her husband, seems greatly pleased by this turn of affairs. Walt Martin makes one more appearance to advise a group of bankers that the next time his farmers strike they will do it thoroughly.

Ever since gangsters disappeared from the screen, Hollywood has been making a frantic effort to find something to replace them. Whether a pitchfork will ever be an acceptable substitute for a sawed-off machine gun remains to be seen, but we still have the impression that Chester Morris was considerably more effective when he was complacently engaged in crime than he is in Golden Harvest. The best scenes in the picture are the ones in which Director Ralph Murphy forgot that he was pretending to make a problem play and concentrated on irrelevant incidents —like the crowd in a court room shouting at a judge for signing a mortgage decree, or the wedding of the Martins' sharp-tongued kindly cook to their hired man.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens.

★★★—The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy, the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Goodbye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face.

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Hell Dogs!

CAMPAIGNING WITH THE MADMAN OF MEXICO

By RAFAEL MUÑOZ

(Reading time: 25 minutes 50 seconds.)

IN Hell Dogs! Pancho Villa is seen largely through the eyes of the devoted old Tiburcio Maya, head man of six sworn comrades from northern Chihuahua who called themselves the Lions of San Pablo. As appeared in the opening installment in Liberty last week, they typified the best of the Villistas; they were not peons but self-respecting small farmers, and as revolutionists were comparatively high-minded, although naïve. One, a young daredevil named Miguel Angel, fell in the attack on Gomez Palacio, and two others in the fighting before Torreón. This left, besides Tiburcio, Maximo Perea and the fat Lion, Melitón Botello. The three led a party under a white flag to parley with Torreón's Federal defender. It was a ruse, and he held them as hostages. They barely escaped being hanged by the Federals or killed by Villa's shells. They would have died game.

Part Two—Tiburcio's Harrowing Tests

PANCHO VILLA'S troops occupied Torreón. In a hotel room old Tiburcio slept and Botello snored. About four o'clock Maximo Perea burst in, excited and sweaty.

"Hey, Tiburcio! Heard about this circle of death?"

"Nothing."

"And you, pot-belly?"

"Less."

"Well, you're going to see something good. Listen. One night in Chihuahua we went to eat in that restaurant they call Delmónico's. A whole gang came over to eat with us. One fellow, the one they call el Tisico [the consumptive], noticed we were thirteen eating and said it was bad luck and one of us would die pretty quick. They all said he was crazy, but he wouldn't drink any more. He was going to get up from the table and go away, but Encarnación Martinez wouldn't let him.

"'Nobody deserts around here,' Encarnación said. 'If somebody has to die, the quicker the better! Let's see whose bad luck it is.'

"What do you think he did? He yelled to the waiter, 'Stand by to turn out the lights when I tell you.' Then he pulled out his pistol. Nobody moved, and he said, 'There's a bullet in here that'll find the biggest coward.' He made a sign to the waiter to turn out the lights, and threw the pistol straight up in the air—and, by God, when it came down and hit the table it went off!

"'All right, lights!' he yelled, and we saw whose bad luck it was."

"El Tisico?"

"Of course. The pistol was on the table pointing right at him, with the hole just under his nose. 'Now you see,' Encarnación said, 'the scared rooster gets plucked. From now on we'll know who are the cowards. Every week we'll meet, thirteen of us, and throw the pistol. The chickens will get plucked and we'll be left all men.'"

"Monkey talk," said Tiburcio. "The bullets don't do any picking. I aim at somebody and it don't matter how brave he is—he's finished."

"But they didn't aim at anybody. The pistol stopped spinning when it looked the coward in the face."

"And if instead of spinning the pistol up, you aim it in the dark—" Botello put in.

"That, no, because whoever throws the pistol holds it by the muzzle when they turn the lights out, and you can hear it land."

"I don't think much of people like that."

"Is that all, Maximo, or are you getting at something?"

"Well, you can see, Tiburcio, they have to be thirteen when they get together. They have a fine dinner, plenty

A Circle of Death—Urbina the Killer Fights Smallpox with Fire—

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

"He threw the pistol straight up in the air—and when it came down it went off!"

to drink, and when they're all feeling merry they throw the pistol up. If one gets plucked, the next Saturday they get some friend who thinks he's a real man. The last party was in Jiménez. One was killed. Now we're here and they want to have another meeting, but Benito and Estrada were killed in the attack, so there's only ten left in the bunch."

"They need three."

"Right. And just now Encarnación said this would be a good chance to try us out, to see if we were really Lions. Anyway, what the hell?"

"I don't go."

"But look! By now they've told everybody we're going, and if we don't show up we'll look like terrible quitters. I'm going. I said I would."

"ALL right, we'll go, Maximo. But I tell you that it's a damned foolish game—a drunk's joke, for crazy fools. If the ball gets me, I still say I'm as brave as any of those that walk out on their feet."

"It could never get you, old Tiburcio, because, by God, you're too damn' brave!"

"I'll go too," said fat Botello. "And I only hope it gets me. Then they'll see how a man from San Pablo dies. I could bet money it'll get me. My heart tells me I'll never leave Torreón."

"Well, do we go tonight, old one?"

"So they say we're afraid! Sure we go."

In the evening the three left the hotel. In the barber shop they had their mustaches waxed and their hair trimmed. Each wore his silver star on his sombrero.

The meeting place was a house near the Alameda. The others had already gathered. Martinez got up to receive the newcomers. He was a huge man, whose head was too small for his big body.

"Come in, *compañeros*. We are honored by three more valiants. Sit down and have some beer."

Several were half drunk. They began to gabble.

"Hey, you, old one—what do you think of our game?"

Tiburcio took two swallows from the neck of the bottle.

"I think men who are brave are brave from the minute they're thrown into the world. Cowards can't become brave, no matter how much they want to. You can't teach anybody to be brave, but if he boasts about it, he has to prove it. That's why I came here. But it's not true that whoever the bullet hits, that's a sign that he's a coward. If it hits one of us, the other two are going to make you admit it wasn't because he was afraid."

By midnight they were almost all drunk and very rowdy. In chorus they began to shout: "Time! Now's the time!"

Each one picked up his chair and they made a circle. Encarnación took out his pistol and cocked it.

"Do you always do the throwing?"

Martinez stared at Botello.

"What's on your mind, pot-belly?"

"Me? Nothing. Only it seems to me harder for the bullet to hit the one that throws the gun."

"Throw it yourself, then," Martinez retorted sourly.
"Then I'd have the advantage. I don't want it."
"Let the old one throw it."
"Yes! Yes!"
"Give it here, then. I'll throw it."
"Turn out the lights. Ready? Let's go!"
A waiter snapped off the electricity. The room was dark. The only sound was the unquiet breathing of those thirteen men. They joined arms, leaning forward.
"Now, Tiburcio, up with your firecracker!"
They heard the fall of a heavy object on the tiles of the floor, immediately followed by an explosion. Fire seemed to flash from the exact center of the group.
"Lights! Lights!"
Some one struck a match. Twelve were on their feet peering anxiously. Botello was still sitting, leaning forward with his hands pressed to his belly.
"Fatty, what's happened to you?"
"I told them it was easier—easier to get me than to get two skinny guys."
"Where did it get you?"
"Here in the belly."
Two or three of the most drunk were not satisfied.
"A dead one! There has to be a dead one!"
The wounded man raised his head toward Tiburcio.
"Old one, isn't it true they're all wrong about the bullet getting the coward? You know me. You tell them."
"Sure they are. You're braver than the whole bunch."
Botello was livid. His agony was frightful. Blood dripped over his fat fingers.
"Again! Once more! There has to be a dead one!"
"Wait a minute. If one is enough, you'll have one. Look how they die—men from San Pablo!"
Botello reached for his pistol and, before any one could stop him, put it to his head and pulled the trigger.
"This time it was the wrong way round," said old Tiburcio solemnly. "The bravest died, and if anybody here doesn't agree with me, let him say so right now—now!"
Silence.

. . . . . .

THE troop trains snaked southward from Torreón toward Zacatecas. There Medina Barron's Federals wait. Huge drops are pelting down like silver pesos. The soldiers make for their crude shelters, but the rain goes through everything. Then the sky clears. Men and arms are plastered with mud.

At nightfall the trains stopped. Soldiers by thousands piled out to stretch in the soft sand, to build fires. Everybody left the trains, scattering, except two men who were alone in a box car.

In one corner lay Perea on a rude litter. A space away sat old Tiburcio. From time to time he went over with a fistful of cotton, and carefully cleaned Perea's face.

"Feeling better, Maximo?"

A moan was the only answer. Perea was burning up with fever. He had been stricken with smallpox on the march.

Old Tiburcio stooped over the sick man. Two days and two nights he had cared for him, alone in the car. The rest of the soldiers, afraid of contagion, had cleared out. During the stops there was around car 7121 a circle of emptiness and of silence.

A group came toward the quarantined car, stopping many yards from the open slide doors. From this safe distance they hailed the gray-haired major.

"Tiburcio! Tiburcio! Come here!"

The old man jumped to the ground and went over, saluting when he recognized Tomas Urbina, Villa's general.

"The doctors tell me you've got a sick man in there."

"Yes, *mi general*, it's Maximo Perea."

"Smallpox?"

"I think it's smallpox."

Urbina moved his head from side to side, visibly annoyed. The Durango chief was a mestizo type. He had achieved fame as a cruel and worthy *compadre* of Pancho Villa. With him were two doctors and a number of officers.

"And what are you going to do with him?"

"Wait till he gets well."

"They say it's a slow and very contagious disease."

"In fact, sir," put in a doctor, "this smallpox might sweep the army if we keep the patient on the train."

"All right, all right, we know all that," interrupted Tiburcio; "and what do you want us to do? Kick Perea out in the middle of the desert like a dog?"

"Cool off, Tiburcio. The doctor's only saying there's the danger of the smallpox spreading."

"Why don't we cure him?"

"What with? We can dress wounds—we can't fight epidemics. He hasn't a chance, Tiburcio, and we're going to take steps right now."

Night had stretched over the plain. The trains were feebly illuminated by the bivouac fires.

The chief, thinking, fingered his rough-shaven cheek.

"You say all of us are in danger of catching it?"

"Without a doubt, *mi general*."

Tiburcio went closer to another of the doctors.

"Isn't there anything you can do?"

"With the supplies we have, nothing."

The old man, unsteadied by the bitterness of his inner struggle, swayed slightly. Then he said firmly:

"GENERAL, I know we're up against it. You are in command by order of my General Villa. So you decide what has to be done, and let me be the one to do it."

"Well, you heard what the doctor said. Perea hasn't a chance. We've got to get rid of everything."

"I don't understand."

The general made himself clear. It was necessary to burn the body and everything that belonged to it.

"Just as he is? Alive?"

"He must be unconscious by now."

"But burn him alive? Are you all crazy? Is this an army of men or a pack of dogs?"

Tiburcio's arm shot up, fist clenched. The air shook with his horrible threats.

Urbina fronted him, suddenly a chief of men.

"The life of one man, whoever he is, doesn't mean anything if we can stop an epidemic. Can't you see the whole army's afraid? Anyway, there's just one pair of pants here. I wear them and I'm big enough to fit them. So start moving. Go on. Salute and obey orders!"

Tiburcio brought his heels together and saluted. His jaws were rigid against the escape of curse or sob; his nostrils twitched and strained.

"You're burning this carcass right now. If you don't, some one else will in five minutes. So get busy."

Urbina and the others turned away.

Tiburcio remained glued to the spot. Two big tears glistened on the bristles of his mustache. He wiped his face and went to the accursed car. Maximo was stretched out like a crucifix, face down. In his delirium he had tried to get up.

"Poor Perea! It looks as if you tried to escape."

He bent down and gently lifted him in his arms. Like a child he carried him. His tears dropped on the skin which was like a hideous sponge. With his frightful load he dropped off the car and pushed forward into the dark.

He neared a bonfire. The soldiers around it, on seeing him, jumped to their feet and fled as from a ghost.

"Urbina's right," he thought. "They're all afraid."

He staggered on, first in one direction, then in another. He felt the body in his arms getting rigid, and he talked to it, incoherently. He walked and kept walking. He found himself in front of a kind of cube darker than the darkness. It was an abandoned hut made of railroad ties. Here he gently laid Perea down.

Then he went back to the car. He gathered together the blanket, the straw litter. From the nearest bonfire he took a burning branch of mesquite. Holding it high over his head he stumbled back across the plain.

He found Perea as he had left him, rigid. Still alive? Dead? He didn't want to find out. He threw branches over the body, filled the hut with mesquite twigs, and put his torch to the pile. Light warm smoke curled upward. Flame shot up. The heat became suffocating.

Tiburcio suddenly felt as if the mountains had crashed down on him. He fell to his knees, stretched out his arms, and remained like a statue.

At last he got up, made his way back to the car, and

sat in the doorway swinging his feet. In the distance he could see a red point with light blue smoke spiraling up from it. It looked like a burning cigar. Eyes fixed on that point of fire, which faded little by little, he sat there in the doorway until dawn.

Daybreak found him still sleepless. Men were clambering over the trains, officers shouting orders.

"Up with you, boys! Good times coming!"

No one hoisted himself into car 7121. Tiburcio heard no step on the roof, saw no face look in through the door. He felt himself humiliated and began to rage.

"Swine! As if they were going to live a hundred years!"

He went over and stood in the door. The train had started. Under its wheels the crossties groaned. Tiburcio felt like one of them. Before his eyes the desert unrolled like an enormous dirty bandage. On the curves he saw other trains, packed with men.

They arrived at Calera and the army clambered out. Noon passed. The trains were empty. Herrera's infantry went to camp. Meanwhile Natera, Triana, Contreras, Banuelos, Dominguez, Caloca, and their men took up positions in the direction of Guadalupe.

Tiburcio wandered around Calera all afternoon without speaking a word to any one or having a word spoken to him. All but he were absorbed in preparation for battle. Tired of doing nothing, he finally went over to the artillery trains and, without being asked, helped unload. When night came he went back to his car.

TWO days were spent in preparation. More troops came up and were distributed among the encampments on which the Federal artillery of La Bufa had already begun to fire. The first wounded were arriving—all wounded before the battle, without having fired a single shot.

There were not enough stretcher bearers to carry so many disabled men to the trains which were leaving for Torreón. The dying were stretched out on planks. Those wounded in the head or arms staggered along, supported by their *compañeros*. Later, when the planks and stretchers gave out, wounded passed slung between two men. And finally strong men carried each a bleeding soldier on his shoulders.

Two hundred, three hundred went by in an hour. Tiburcio saw them pass his car. Some doctors upbraided him.

"Come here, you old blockhead. Don't you see these poor fellows have to be loaded on the trains?"

They handed him a boy whose right thigh was shattered. He was less than fifteen, and small for that. Tears ran down his face as Tiburcio carefully carried him the length of the trains. Tiburcio growled at him:

"Fool! What do you come sticking yourself in this for? Now you're crippled—if you're lucky—"

"I'm not afraid of it. I wanted to go up La Bufa."

The boy's torn thigh gushed blood, and his face was livid.

They came to the improvised hospital cars. Already it was full. Soldiers and stretcher bearers had left the wounded piled up in the doorway like stacked wood. They were groaning and complaining. In one corner a young medico was at work. Tiburcio made his way toward him with the boy. Others protested: "It's my turn next."

They crawled and pushed. The worst cases rolled their eyes in their sockets, imploring help.

It had grown dark. In a halo of orange candlelight the interne worked fast. All he did was to bandage very tightly, then pour iodine liberally on the wound. The patient would writhe in agony, scream.

More were brought in. Not an inch of floor showed between the bodies.

"Let me go. I want to go back."

The boy with the bloody thigh stood on his good foot, tried to get to the door and get out. Tiburcio picked him up and carried him to a corner, stepping on inert bodies which cursed. Then Tiburcio left.

"Fools! If they knew the pay they'd get! They fight like lions—what for? For a kick into the gutter when they're used up."

He walked along muttering

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through set jaws. He was swept by an impulse to denounce all of them, and all of those who were marching, gun on shoulder; to scream at them that their sacrifice was useless, that war was infamous, that the men who made it were bloodthirsty killers.

The battalion band passed, playing a military march. He bit his lips until he could taste blood.

"And to think I envy them!"

In the dark humid night the lonely old man wandered about. The bright point of a beacon piercing the darkness seemed like the eye of the whole army taking note of the fact that he was not at his post.

The next day, the twenty-second of June, Pancho Villa came. He suspected there might be soldiers hiding in the trains to escape the battle. So on his high-strung little horse he rode to Calera followed by an escort. At the station he jumped off his horse and went running through car after car. Furious at the cowardice of several he had found, he finally arrived at car 7121. Tiburcio was sitting in the doorway smoking. At the sight of his chief he jumped up and saluted. His eyes lived again. He trembled with enthusiasm. One word, one gesture, and he would have charged straight into the trenches of the Federals. Here was a man, a chief of men; not like that goat of an Urbina, that son of a dog, that horse thief. He wanted to shout a "*Viva* Villa!" that could be heard all over Zacatecas.

But on noticing car 7121 Pancho Villa's body gave an involuntary shudder, his burning glance revealed a sudden fear. One instant he looked Tiburcio up and down, then, turning, he moved away from the car.

"All right," said Tiburcio. "That's finished it."

Slowly he belted on his pistol and hung his bandoleers over his shoulders. He gripped his rifle and jumped off the car into the night.

"GIVE it to Palomo! Give it to Palomo!"

The little boy went to the oxen and jabbed one in the hind quarters with a sharp-pointed stick. The animals moved wearily, drawing a thick, clumsy plow. The man stood on the plow, tired and sweaty.

"Give it to Palomo!"

At the end of the short furrow he stopped and let his eye wander over the valley to the lowly wooden house where his wife and little girl were.

"What's the matter, daddy? You tired already?"

The old man squinted up at the sun.

"Let's do two more rows," he said.

"I'm hungry now."

A tied-up napkin hung from the pole of the plow. From this the man took out a tortilla.

"It's a long time since you brought any venison, daddy."

Slung from the same pole, a .30-30 carbine opened its round little eye. The man's shining gaze fondled it, his old revolutionary rifle. He had carried it slung on that pole for two years now.

"We can't shoot too many deer, son," he said. "Who knows if I'll be needing the ammunition?"

"What will you need it for?"

"He'll come some day. Give it to Palomo!"

"Who'll come, daddy?"

"General Villa."

Enthusiasm vibrated through the man's body. Suddenly he began to sing an old war song.

"Mamma says Villa is bad."

"Bad? For whom? Two years I was with him and I was always happy when I saw him come in. He knew how to command and he divided everything up."

"I'm afraid of him," the boy said.

The man gave a sharp jerk to the plow.

"Will you hold your snout? If you are afraid of him or of any one else, shut up about it, swallow it. Some day you'll see him. Then, like your father, you'll follow him, forgetting what it is to be afraid."

"Are we going to leave mamma and sister?"

The man made no answer. In all the times he had dreamed of joining his chief again, not once had he thought of his wife and daughter.

Before, when he had joined up, he had abandoned his wife and two children. To misery and desolation. Returning, he had promised his wife to spend the rest of his life in that valley.

He knew Villa had been defeated. He had seen the trains of the new enemies pulling toward the sierra to occupy cities the Villistas could not hold. The ranchers, Villistas before, hated Villa now; this Villa who robbed and destroyed. Each pueblo had formed a defense league against him. They had come asking Tiburcio to join them. Stubborn and loyal, he had barked, "I was Villista, I am Villista, I'll go on Villista." They called him an old fool and left him working his land.

SOMETIMES they had a story that Villa had been killed. Tiburcio believed none of these stories, and went on hoping that some day in some month his chief would pass that way and call him. He wouldn't go out looking for him, because the last time he saw him Villa had looked straight through him, had denied him, had left him standing there on the train—without calling him to fight the Federals at Zacatecas.

But as soon as he said, "Let's go!" Tiburcio would go.

Two rows were finished. Leaving the oxen yoked, they went to rest in the shade. Lying on his back, Tiburcio was aware of every sound. He felt something through the earth. He put his ear to it, and heard a sound as if the stream were swelling.

"Must be people coming by the ravine," he thought.

They were still far off, since the earth's vibration was the only sign of their coming. He lay back again.

"Hear it, daddy? A whole crowd's coming."

"Yes, but sit still. Let's wait here."

After a minute he put his ear to the ground again. The vibration felt nearer. At the same time other noises broke across the gentle voices of the valley. Faint calls of men echoed down as though from a great height. Tiburcio got to his feet and walked slowly over to his oxen. Two horsemen appeared between the oaks and stopped. They fired in the air.

He raised his sombrero, shouting, "Don't shoot! I'm a friend!"

The child, terrified, huddled close as the horsemen galloped toward him, while behind them appeared a compact mass of horses and men.

"Hey, old man! Are you alone?"

"With the boy."

They came closer on horses trembling with exhaustion. Covered with dirt and caked mud, chins bristling with stubble, long hair stuck together with a paste of dirt, sweat, and grease, they came, ragged and barefoot. Yet there was beauty there. Keen eyes of the hawk, strong jaws of the wolf, heads proud, gestures decisive. Always the man who rebels is like that.

Tiburcio stood and smiled. "Villistas?"

"Till hell freezes over!" they clamored in chorus.

"And the chief? Where is he? *Mi general Villa?*"

JUMBLEJEMS

RMLENLIYI

The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 44.

His voice was strange, commanding yet breaking. The rest of the riders came up and surrounded him. The boy clung to his body. At last, the man he was waiting for rode up, splitting the circle of them like a dagger. His horse trotted straight to the center where the farmer stood unswerving, his hand to his forehead in salute.

"You are Tiburcio Maya?"

"Yes, *mi general.*"

"They called you the Lion of San Pablo."

"Like the other five there used to be."

"You were with me in San Andres when we defeated Felix Terrazas."

"Yes, *mi general.*"

"And in the hills of Rancheria against Francisco Castro."

"Yes, *mi general.*"

"In front of Chihuahua."

"I caught Navarro when a hand grenade killed him right where you were standing a minute before."

The horseman smiled and pushed back his sombrero.

He had a broad head, temples bulging over the ears, a face bright red as the sun when it touches the horizon.

"Remember when we captured those trains at Laguna?"

"Yes, *mi general.*"

"And when we took Juárez?"

"Yes, *mi general.*"

"You were at the attack on La Pila."

"I lost two *compañeros* there."

"And you were a spy at Torreón."

VILLA loved to show off his prodigious memory. As he knew Tiburcio so he knew each one of his men.

"You old scoundrel! You left me at Zacatecas when things were at their worst."

He talked through set jaws, spitting the words through the stiff hairs of his ferocious mustache, clenching his fists as though for a fight.

"Excuse me, *mi general.* It was you who wouldn't have anything to do with me. You didn't even want me in the North Division because you were afraid the smallpox stuck to me. And at the height of the battle I was only good to carry wounded. Every one ran from me, was afraid of me. Then—why should I deny it?—I left."

"All right, all right. You see we could get along without you. Now I need you, because we're going on a holy war. We are going to avenge all our brothers who have fallen in the fight against Carranza, because it's the Americans who are helping him. Have you got a gun? Take it and come along."

Tiburcio seemed to grow taller, to fill out.

"Is that right, *mi general?* Do you really want me with you?"

"Just grab your gun and horse, if you have one."

The boy, clamped to his father, said in a low voice, "And mother? And sister?"

Lightning flashed through the man's spirit, his dilemma stood out clearly. He stammered:

"I—yes, general, I want to go, but—"

"But what?"

"My wife—my little girl—"

A HORRIBLE smile twisted the bestial mouth of the bandit. Words crawled out of it slippery as snakes.

"Ah, you have a wife. You have a little girl. Good, good! Why didn't you say so before? That changes things. Take me to them."

The farmer stretched out his arm and pointed to the little house leaning against the hill; then, cheerfully, as though he had escaped some great danger, he guided the squad across the plowed ground.

"Have you eaten yet, general? Let my wife roast you some goat's meat."

In the hut the woman and little girl, having seen the men swarming toward them, were on their knees before the stained chromo of some unknown saint, screaming their prayers.

"Women, women! No one's going to hurt you!"

They got up, and trembling like jellies went to roast the goat's meat. Villa squatted in a corner, his shoulders against the wall. Before eating he made the woman taste it, and the little girl, and the little boy. Then he devoured it like a jaguar, holding the chunk in both hands. Stuffed, he got to his feet, wiping his mouth on his sleeve, and, remembering the manners of the rancher:

"Thanks be to God," he mumbled, "who gives us our food."

He drew the little girl toward him, passing his huge hand over her head.

"You're right, Tiburcio Maya. How could you abandon them? But I need you. I need all the men I can get together, and you must follow me today. And—so you'll know they won't go hungry, won't suffer by your absence—look!"

He whipped out his pistol and with two shots left the woman and little girl lying still and bloodstained on the floor.

"Now you have no one. You don't need the ranch or the oxen. Take your gun and let's go."

Eyes red, lower jaw loosely working, hands twitching, forehead sweating under the long white hair like soapsuds, Tiburcio took his son by the hand and went to the door. From the first Villista he met he begged a cartridge pouch, which he slung over his shoulder. He asked for his rifle, and the other handed it over at a sign from the leader.

He began to march over the soil of his own land that the horses had kicked up, toward the north, toward the war, toward his fate, chest forward, shoulders thrown back, head raised to the wind, ready to give his life for Francisco Villa.

Next week's installment follows the outlawed Villa on the desperate march that led up to his raid on Columbus.

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Hi-De-Hi *and* Lo-De

The Rollicking Story of a Vague Young Man Who Found a Peach in His Orange Grove

(Reading time: 27 minutes 51 seconds.)

WE were booked as the Four Sisters Hot-Cha, a dancing mélange, and we had had four weeks of bookings over the Subtropical Time. The theater at Wayside Waters burned down before we got there, and they canceled us opening night at Scrub Pine Villa, and the sheriff had clamped down on the house manager at Cumquat. So we were now hitch-hiking for Sandspur City, where we hoped to enjoy our most successful week of this tour.

"If you're a little girl out at night on a big federal highway," I told them, "don't jump into the first automobile that comes along. Even though you're not very alluring to men."

"Who's not?" Hybiscus took offense. Hybiscus is blonde like a platinum fox and crazy like one.

"Never get up front with a taxi driver," I said.

"What about a nice college boy in a four-cylinder job?" asked Lotus Jarnegan. Lotus is that dark, lean, leery type that seems to mind walking less than most girls do.

"Listen!" said Hazel Shawn, our redhead. "What about an elegant stockbroker in a sixteen-piston roadster?"

"A boy in college and a boy out of college," I said, "are much alike. Except under their hoods. Now, what you want to grab," I told them, "is a big lumbering truck. Why? Because a truck driver is vouched for by a bonding company. They wouldn't let him out with a truckload of high-priced goods unless he's got an honest hulking heart of gold."

"Where," asked Hybiscus, "did you find out this?"

"The day I got my first high-heeled slippers," I recalled, "my dear old grandma gave me advice."

Just then we heard a ponderous truck rumbling down the road behind us.

"Now's your chance," said Hybiscus. "Just show us how grandma used to thumb her hitches."

If it hadn't been for me these girls would have had their troubles. Me—Sally Dody. Look. I'm not even beautiful. I have curly brindle hair like a water spaniel's and I have a nose that upends like a Boston toy's. And I weigh in at a hundred and ten tubside. If it wasn't for brains I wouldn't hold a thing.

My ribs were showing. And so were the other girls' ribs. It would have taken a cowardly truck driver to be frightened to stop on a lonely highway for the Four Sisters Hot-Cha.

This truckman only stopped because he didn't want to massacre four young girls. His name turned out to be Pete Weeks.

-LO

By
ALBERT
M.
TREYNOR

Illustrations by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

They were doing our torch number. We don't have torches. We just call it that. It's brisk.

He wouldn't move over, which left enough room on the driver's seat for Hybiscus, then me, then the other two.

Hybiscus, of course, had shoved in first. But don't take offense. It was only Hybiscus's mannerisms. She is so very fond of tall hulking men.

Or, for that matter, of small skulking men also.

"Who do you truck for?" I made conversation.

"Me myself," said Pete Weeks. He was a gowalloper in build and maybe a little crude, but underneath it all you could tell that he was just an unsullied overgrown clean-minded boy.

"What are we trucking tonight?" I asked.

"Gin," said Pete. "And rum."

"What!" I gasped.

"Bahamas rum," he said. "And the juniper berries. We're loaded to the gunnels, sister."

AT that instant a black shadow stepped across the roadway. And a voice spoke up. A gritty voice, like meat bones going through a meat grinder. "Stick 'em up, you this-and-that and et cetera!"

"Hijacks!" I gulped.

"Just some of the boys," stated Pete. "Take the wheel, kid."

Pete opened the throttle as he shoved up his hands. And then I saw that he had invented a clever little gag. He had a sawed-off shotgun fastened by clips to the roof overhead. When you stick up your hands you cock both barrels. And then, while the stick-up men are laughing at how helpless you look, you come down on 'em shooting.

It would be just too bad for these gentlemen of the highway, except that we had crashed past them before Pete Weeks could find the triggers.

Something then began to rattle behind us in the night air. Sharp and fast. And then I could hear the glassware in our truck begin to crack.

"Step on it!" I said to Hybiscus.

I could have told you that Hybiscus would never be any good as a truck driver. It wasn't only that she didn't see the sharp curve ahead. She didn't even know what are brakes.

Did you ever see how they build their highways down here? They dig a canal through the swamp, and the muck they scoop out of the canal they bank up for your federal highway. These canals usually are about ten feet deep.

Well, there's no use going into details, because I don't remember any. It's little things like these that stick you on the witness stand. I do recall that it was about eight o'clock of a balmy fall evening, before the moon came up. And the water had a black and mossy taste. And I was glad indeed when I came to the top. And I'll say this for Hybiscus: She had parked our truck right in the middle of the canal on all four wheels. The roof was just awash above the surface.

Pete Weeks and Hazel and Lotus were all sitting there on top like lily pads. And then, while I was climbing up with them, we heard a big automobile shooting past. I guess the boys didn't know we had navigated the canal. They went on ahead looking for us.

And then, last of all, Hybiscus came to the surface.

"You got no respect for a pure woman!" yelled Hurricane Charlie.

We hauled her out. Spitting out swampy water.

"Your dear old grandma," she said, "must of been a wow!"

I asked Pete Weeks if he often took girls out riding.

"Do you know Hurricane Charlie Smith?" he answered. "I used to drive for him."

"Whose truck was this?" I asked.

He seemed genuinely surprised. "Why, all the trucks are Hurricane Charlie's. And he fired me yesterday for nothing. Just for nothing."

"Then why were you driving just now?" I asked.

"I can see what you mean," said Pete. "Gunner Gruenther and Nick the Goop were taking this load south. See? And they stopped in at Moe and Jake's Tea and Gift Shoppe--"

"And you stole their truck!"

"They've drove me in business for myself," said Pete. "Would you want me just to hang out my shingle and wait?"

AT about this minute we heard footsteps on the highway. And then we could see a shadowy figure of a man peering down.

Pete Weeks had lost his shotgun. And this time he stuck up his hands for keeps. "If that's Nick," he hailed —and you never did hear anybody so jolly—"remember that night at West End? Remember that fun we had, Nick o' boy?"

"It's not Nick," said the man on the road. "It's only Bill Purdy."

"Who?" I asked, because I liked his voice.

"It's old Bill Purdy," he added. "Journalist, sand hog, filibuster, ambulance chaser, dude rancher, and journeyman printer."

I just stepped across to the embankment and a hand grabbed me. And there was Bill Purdy and there was I.

He was tall and kind of stooped and he wore a pair of big-lensed cheaters. And when he grinned down at me in the beautiful starlight, I knew by instinct that I was through hoofty-goofing through life with a dance-girl act if I had any say-so about it.

"I never ask embarrassing questions," said Mr. Purdy, "when I hear shootings on the highway."

The other girls were coming on over and beginning to talk about eating. But they always did that when they ran across a man. And what had it got 'em so far?

"If you care for oranges and grapefruits," said Mr. Purdy, "I am the biggest grove owner in these parts."

Even at her tender age, Hybiscus was a grand old veteran on butter-and-eggs and cloaks-and-suits and grain-and-hay and hey-hey. And now you could tell she was in a big mood for marmalade.

"Oh, Mr. Purdy!" she cooed. "I been dying to meet one of our important growers."

"I am also a concertinist," he said, "and an anchorite."

"Anchor—what?" asked Hybiscus.

"A guy who resists women," he said.

WE were all straggling up the highway. Soon we came to a frame cottage set in clumps of tropical vegetation. This was where Mr. Purdy supervised his groves.

And then the topic of eating came up again.

"I'm sorry, girls," said Mr. Purdy, "but eating has been very little in evidence around here lately."

I figured then that he had handed us some tripe about the oranges. But no. You could smell 'em growing.

"How many acres you got?" I asked.

"Forty acres," he said, "set out in Lu Hung Lo valencias. Seven boxes to the tree, sixty trees to the acre."

"Why," asked Hybiscus, "don't you simply sell some?"

He simply showed us a folded newspaper with a pencil circle around this line:

Autumn valencias, prime @ fair middling, $1.70 and down, dull @ no demand.

Well, I got to asking questions and soon learned the orange-grove business from the ground up. Mr. Purdy owed a final ten thousand dollars on his groves, which must be paid up right now. The mortgage was owned by a banker named Amos Atteridge. And it was Mr. Atteridge who had sold the groves to Mr. Purdy in the first place.

"It is an unhappy coincidence," said Mr. Purdy. "Just when I would love to entertain you girls royally, the old rooftree is to be auctioned off. At ten o'clock tomorrow morning Mr. Atteridge will drive up with the sheriff and bid in the place for any price he happens to think of. He already has twenty thousand dollars of my money, and he will soon have the groves."

"Won't anybody else come to the auction?" I asked.

"Everybody will come," he said. "Because we give away free orange juice at these auctions."

"Won't any of those other people bid?" I asked.

"Not with those two at work," said Mr. Purdy. "Everybody in this county is scared to admit they've got any money in front of Mr. Atteridge and the sheriff."

That gave me the situation in a nutshell.

"Look, Mr. Purdy," I said. "You're only a boy of the soil, and I'm a night-club girl. And you can't sell things without your bit of ballyhoo. The way to do is to give 'em a hot floor show, and holler 'Sucker!' at 'em, and get 'em limbered up on orange juice so they will shove in there and spend their money like mad."

Mr. Purdy gave me one of those smiles that make a girl's heart feel like she was up at a high altitude doing side slips and outside loops with the navy's hell divers.

And then I jumped up, all out of breath, and ran off to find Pete Weeks. I don't know how I got my idea, except I just happened to remember what orange juice is for.

"Could we get us about twenty cases of that stuff out of that truck maybe?" I asked Pete Weeks.

Pete Weeks brightened up. "What are we going to have?" he asked. "Are we going to have a binge?"

"I am Mr. Purdy's new manager," I said.

"Are we going to have a brawl?" Pete reminded me.

"The neighbors at home," I said, "used to call me Honest John Dody. And I'm sneering at them."

So Pete Weeks and I dragged a plank down the road and laid a plank walk across to the roof of the foundered truck. Then we busted in and helped ourselves to the cargo.

Each bag, or pig as Pete called it, held twenty-four pint bottles. We loaded ourselves and staggered back and forth from Mr. Purdy's groves quite a few times.

Then I rounded up the girls. "Hark, children," I said. "Even if we did get to Sandspur City—the theater would have its shutters up because of hurricanes or rattlesnakes. On the other hand, we could collect a week's salary right here. In all probability."

"Maybe I could be taken out of show business," said Hybiscus, whose main notion always is to be taken off the stage.

"Yeh, gal," said Lotus Jarnegan. "A guy with some oranges maybe, or a bag of pop corn."

"I would dearly love some buttered pop corn," said Hazel Shawn.

"Now wait!" I said. "They need a little entertainment at tomorrow's auction. A good show like you girls can give. See? Then some of this orangeade, right from the tree to the consumer. Just to limber them up. See what I mean?"

"No," said Lotus.

"A week's salary guaranteed," I promised them.

Well, they couldn't know how good my guaranty was, but it would do them no harm trying to find out.

I GOT to looking around Mr. Purdy's barn, and found a big syringe like they use for horses' earaches. Then Pete Weeks and I and the girls went to do this skullduggery to the innocent young orange trees.

What we would do would be to punch a hole in every orange you could reach from the ground. Then we would squeeze out a part of the juice, while Pete Weeks was knocking off the necks of bottles and dipping his syringe and shooting it to the oranges. After which I would putty up the holes with wet clay.

I knew that the nurserymen's clubs all over America would probably frown upon our methods. But then, they wouldn't have seen Bill Purdy's boylike smile.

And so I went back to Mr. Purdy. "Were you fooling about being a concertinist?" I asked him.

"You mean do I play the accordion? Well, yes. On account of something to do with the hands. It was either that or paper dolls."

All right. We had music. We had everything.

"Here's your chance to get rid of your wet clothes," I told the girls. "We'll have a full-dress rehearsal."

We had lost our costumes with our suitcases. But I got to rummaging through Mr. Purdy's bureau drawers and found some red-cotton bandanna handkerchiefs. A red bandanna cut in two cornerwise makes a very cute costume.

"You and the girls can go out in the grove now and practice," I said.

Mr. Purdy laughed. "Music and dancing and foreclosures go so well together," he said.

The moon had come up by now. It was a knockout. One of those silver-blue tropical moons like they have in vaudeville. There was a table and chairs on the lawn and a big orange juicer. And I had picked a dozen oranges because I wanted to find out if they would have a synthetic taste or anything.

Mr. Purdy and the girls had gone out behind the trees. I was about to start them dancing when an automobile came along the road and swung into our driveway.

WHILE I was wondering what anybody would want at this hour, the car stopped and two men got out.

"Who are you?" they asked.

"Me? I am the manager of this place. Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Atteridge," said the taller of the pair. "And this is the sheriff of the county."

Well, after one close-up look at them my conscience just lay down and died.

Mr. Atteridge had that dried-up appearance of an old bull mosquito who has had his bill worn off and now has to look to the rest of the tribe for his upkeep. While the sheriff was more of the fish-eater, or pelican, type.

"We want to see the books," said the sheriff.

"Books?" I said. "*Books?*"

"Books on this grove," stuck in Mr. Atteridge very sharply. "We want to see what this proposition has been doing in dollars and cents."

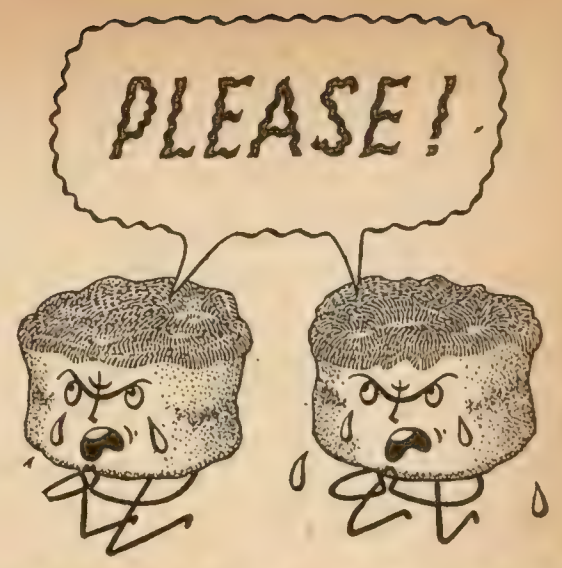
Mr. Atteridge had noticed the oranges on the table, and it was a hot and parching night. And here was one gentleman, you could see, who would have no use for beverages, except those that were free from alcoholic percentages and free from cost. He just helped himself to some oranges and cut them in halves and ran them through the juicer.

"Our books on this place," I told them, "are so full of funny cracks that the audience would roll off their seats."

Mr. Atteridge took a long absent-minded drink. Then he stopped and peered into the glass. Then he took another shot. Looking blank. Then astonished. Then very much interested indeed.

"Why, what varieties are these?" he finally asked.

I had to think up something fast. "Hi-de-hi," I told him. Like that. "And Lo-de-lo."



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"I thought they planted late maturing valencias on this grove," he remarked to the sheriff.

"I know," I said. "But we budded some Spanish seed slips on a bitterroot stock. Just a lot of grafters around here. And the results have surprised even us."

"*Hum-m!*" said Mr. Atteridge, squeezing himself out a fresh glassful. And then the sheriff horned in too. They began heaving snifters and talking hoarsely together.

"The pure unpolluted vintages of a bounteous Nature herself," philosophized Mr. Atteridge.

"You said it!" said the sheriff.

Well, sir, I tried one of those drinks myself. And do you know something? Their bouquet was kind of sweetish and tangy, but not too much so. I mean, you'd know they weren't the usual brands of oranges, but you wouldn't be able to put a finger on what made them different, or say that these citruses had been stepped up. Especially you wouldn't if you picked them and squeezed them yourself, and saw no finigling going on.

And nobody could foresee what a wham they would have.

If, as the doctors tell us, orange juice is just a lot of liquid sunshine, then Mr. Atteridge and the sheriff were out for a nice coat of sunburn—the way it sneaks up on you before you ever dream that you're going to peel.

These two shambled over to the first row of trees, presently, to gather more oranges. And it was then that I heard this uproar on the highway.

It was a car doing about ninety. And how the driver ever fetched the thing around to make our gates was a marvel. A pair of headlights hit me between the eyes, and a long-snooted touring car came plunging up the driveway, ricocheting from bush to bush, you might say. It plowed to a standstill in a cloud of gravel, and five men sprang out and began running around in the underbrush. Then all five came tearing back in our direction.

Had it been a colder climate, so they could wear their coonskins, you'd thought it was the backfield of the varsity team. Not only on account of their snap and style but because of their lusty builds and boyish ways.

"It's Hurricane Charlie Smith!" gasped the sheriff after he had a look.

The littlest of the troupe, I then found out—the one with the batwing collar and Irish-linen suit and white-buck oxfords and the neat black mustache—he was Hurricane Charlie Smith.

"Good evening, sheriff," he said. "Have you seen Pete Weeks running one of my trucks through here?"

"No," said the sheriff.

Hurricane Charlie Smith looked harder at him.

"No, sir," said the sheriff.

"Pete Weeks," said Hurricane, "has heisted one of my hooch shipments. And we're going to give him a little servicing."

And then—who do you imagine chose this minute of all others to come walking in from the grove? Yes, you got it. It was Pete Weeks.

Pete couldn't have known that the boys were here. And when he saw it was too late to choose his exit, was he glad to see his old-time pals and buddies?

"If it ain't Bing and the Gunner and Harry!" he chortled. "And *Nick!* Why, you old son-of-a-guns!"

The boys had drawn their revolvers and were walking up on Pete from four directions.

"All right now," said Hurricane Charlie. "You better not look, sheriff. All together, fellows! Lay him down!"

"No!" I shrieked. "Pete wasn't—he didn't—" Then I got desperate. "Overture!" I yelled. "*Overture!*"

Mr. Purdy was out in the grove, waiting to start. And Mr. Purdy had said he could play a concertina. And when he started to play one, it sounded like Burny Burny, the old maestro, burning up and burning down.

And then the girls came on. Out there in the moonlight, among the trees, under the sweet-smelling orange blossoms. A stage setting like that! And could those girls dance? I had taught them everything. Oh, no, I suppose they couldn't dance!

THEY were doing our torch number. We don't have torches. We just call it that. It's brisk. And those little Sisters Hot-Cha—as lithe and fast and slithery as a schoolful of fresh young silver-flanked minnows in bandanna handkerchiefs.

Mr. Atteridge's tired old eyes were bulging. Even Hurricane Charlie laid off for a minute on laying down Pete Weeks. It is like that the world over. You've been running your banking institution or running your rum, and then it occurs to you that you ought to ease up on your business cares and see the other side of life too.

I was anxious for everybody to be in a good humor. And there is nothing that makes you more sociable or downright companionable these warm evenings than beakers full of fruit juices. So I poured out one for Hurricane Charlie Smith.

"Nix!" Pete Weeks disapproved in my ear. "He don't touch the stuff. His father has promised him a gold watch if he don't never touch it before he's thirty-five."

I just laughed and gave Hurricane a drink. Then I was in a panic for fear he would guess the name of our favorite rumrunner.

But I needn't have worried. He was watching Hybiscus. And when you find a man who goes for that particular type of tinfoil, why, I guess he could take ethyl gasoline for refreshments and it would make no difference.

He drank it down and gave the glass back for a refill.

"You got a high-class joint here," he said. "How long you been open?"

"What?" I asked.

"What's the name of this club?"

"Oh!" I said.

Well, this was a kind of quick change for me—from a stranded theatrical girl to an orange-grove manager to a night-club hostess. But I always like the customers to be right.

"Club Hi-de-hi," I told him. "It's our grand gala opening."

"Listen, boss," put in Nick the Goop. "You still want to O. K. scratching this Weeks guy?"

Hurricane Charlie brushed Nick aside. He had nothing whatever on his mind now but Hybiscus.

"You'd have a sweet show," he said to me, "if you put in about twenty more of those little platinum hoofers."

There was Bill and there was I.

"What?" I gagged. The mere notion that there could be twenty more Hybiscuses in the world would have upset a better nourished constitution than mine.

"I was telling the boys," said Hurricane. "Only just last week. Now that they're getting all these new hardships against speakeasies. Wasn't I telling you boys? Didn't I say we ought to start us a high-grade beer garden?"

"You certainly said it, boss," agreed Nick the Goop.

"You've got a swell gag here, sister," Hurricane told me. "Letting 'em pick their own oranges. Those who don't go for beer."

I could see what he meant. The sheriff and Mr. Purdy were again working the first row of trees. They were choosing the most luscious fruits they could find and cutting 'em with their pocket knives and wringing 'em out by hand. Nature-in-the-raw stuff.

Just these two alone by now would form the nucleus of any large sociable gathering. But they weren't alone. Hurricane Charlie and the boys were also taking a big fancy to our orangeades. And these oranges did have their vitamins. Only a few of them would make almost anybody feel very loud and robusto.

Out there in the grove Mr. Purdy had switched his tempo to a little tune entitled Stinging Nettles, Strawberry Rash, and You, Dear. And the girls jumped into our Hot-Cha dance.

"Sit down in front, you!" snarled Nick the Goop. "I can't see good."

"Oh, no?" leered Pete Weeks.

"And these oranges have been needled up!" declared Nick.

"Oh, yaas!" said Pete.

"I said," Nick flared up, "they got rum in 'em!"

"When in rum," yelled Pete, "do like the rummies do!"

With that he grabbed off Nick's black-and-pearl derby hat and sailed it away over the orange trees.

I NEVER saw anybody get so mean over a little horseplay with a pearl-colored derby hat as Nick the Goop. He up and chased Pete Weeks clear out through the groves.

And I guess that this was Pete Weeks's going-away party. For I am happy to state that I never laid an eye on him again from that day to this.

But to get back to our own party, as it is called. The way to economize on your floor show is to get the guests to entertaining one another. And the evening was now rolling on its own momentum. So, after the girls had done another dance, I let 'em come in.

It was not an easy pick for Hybiscus, between Mr. Atteridge and Hurricane Charlie. But I guess she finally decided that Mr. Atteridge had more of the good old S. A. I mean spending ability.

"Let's you and I dance?" she asked him.

Mr. Atteridge got right up on his feet. "Oh, pshaw, girlie," he simpered, "I can't dance!"

"I bet you dance beautiful," she giggled, and put her arms around him.

Mr. Atteridge's pockets were bulging with oranges. He had broken his tumbler and was now having his snorts from the fruit direct. While he and Hybiscus started in dancing. A kind of rumba or something maybe. Mr. Atteridge being inflated like a blimp, and out dragging around his ground crew.

"If I had this set-up," Hurricane Charlie was saying to me, "I'd put colored lights on all the orange trees. And I'd chop down a bigger clearing for the dancing—"

"HOW was the music?" asked Mr. Purdy as he stopped by with his accordion.

"Which music?" asked Hurricane Charlie.

"Thank you," said Bill Purdy. "All I have been hoping for was a little encouragement." And then he threw his accordion into the rain-water barrel.

"And I'd have about twenty more little blondes," Hurricane went on to say, "like that little—"

Then he suddenly noticed Mr. Atteridge and Hybiscus. He just stopped short. And you could see he was getting to be badly griped by what they called their dancing.

"Just a minute!" he said, and walked over to them breathing heavily through his nostrils.

"Let me tell you something, Mr. Atteridge!" he gritted. "I guess you don't know a good girl when you see one."

"Look out, now!" said Mr. Atteridge. "Danshing around in the moonlight—"

"You got no respect for a pure woman!" yelled Hurricane Charlie.

And then he pulled out his revolver and shoved it against Mr. Atteridge's stomach.

Well, sir, it looked for a minute as though the vice president of Mr. Atteridge's bank was about due for that long-delayed promotion. If it hadn't been for Hybiscus—

Her motto is hombres, just hombres. There is one girl who never neglects her homo work. And how she loves to be cut in on at dances!

She just let go of Mr. Atteridge and put her arms on Hurricane Charlie's shoulder and started in to weep.

"I wanna be taken out of show business!" she wept.

Even Hurricane Charlie Smith couldn't decently shoot a man down, with a woman bawling on his shoulder.

"All right, kid," he told her. "You tell me if this punk puts another finger on you!"

"The stage," whimpered Hybiscus, "is so full of temptations for a nice young girl."

"Don't I know?" Hurricane Charlie shook his head at the way things are, and patted her on the back.

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"Don't you think I don't know, baby."

"Oh, oh, oh!" blubbered Hybiscus.

"Listen, kid!" Hurricane Charlie soothed her. "How'd you like to come with us in a high-grade family beer garden?"

"Is 'at going up the ladder?" asked Lotus Jarnegan, who just couldn't keep out of this.

Hurricane Charlie Smith turned to me, all wrought up by his noble feelings. "What do you want for this set-up, sister?" he wanted to know.

"Which?" I blinked back at him.

"The trees and the grounds and what you've got of a floor show," he said. "And the good will and the club name?"

"Let's toss in the moon too," I said.

"Ten thousand dollars," he shouted. "Right on the line."

"You're like the rest of the comics, aren't you?" I said. "Anything for a laugh."

"All right!" he blustered. "Fifteen thousand!"

The sheriff was having himself a little king's-ex, sprawled out under an orange tree. But the shouting of numerals must have waked him up. I guess he thought by now that it was all of ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

"Hol' on there!" he objected. "I run these auctions."

So he got up and hunted around until he found the rain-water barrel. Then he upended it and hoisted himself up there, so he could hold a better auction.

"Fifteen I'm bid," he sang out. "Fif—teen!"

Mr. Atteridge acted for a minute as though his orangeades were dying out on him. Poor old Mr. Atteridge, who had only come here to inspect the books.

"Wait!" he yelled. "I protes' this auction!"

"This is no auction," I said. "This is just an advance sale because the critics like us."

"Seventeen-five!" spoke up Lotus Jarnegan. I don't know what she meant, but I could have kissed her.

"Twenty!" bawled Hurricane Charlie.

"Don't go up so fast!" Mr. Atteridge beseeched him.

Hurricane Charlie Smith just put his arm more protectingly around Hybiscus and glared poison at the banker.

"Thirty thousand dollars!" he shouted.

The sheriff was swaying on his barrel, with one eye shut and the other half shut, trying to make out who was who and what was what. "Thirty thousand once," he intoned, "thirty thousand twice, thirty thousand thrice. Everybody through? Everybody all done?"

He paused for a moment to listen. "Everybody all done!" he snapped out briskly, and fell off the rain-water barrel.

"Get out your papers, Mr. Purdy," I said. "We'll settle the mortgage and close the deal."

Hurricane Charlie had Hybiscus on his hands. And also had his revolver. And now he wanted to get at his money. So he finally settled this problem by handing Mr. Atteridge the gun to hold. While he dug into his pocket for a roll of yellow currency which at first I mistook for a bunch of bananas.

Well, sir, by the time Hurricane Charlie got through paying for the orange grove Mr. Purdy's roll was bigger than Mr. Smith's.

"My delivery truck," said Mr. Purdy, "will hold all of the Four Sisters Hot-Cha. If you want to wait till I crank her up. And I know a place where they serve half-raw beefsteaks nine inches thick."

Oh, yes! And then Mr. Purdy drew me aside and said that half of this money belonged to me.

"But," he went on to hedge, "I don't believe in letting money get out of my family. So I'm afraid you and I will have to hunt a reverend."

I stepped back to get my breath. "Well, anyhow," I finally gasped, "you'd get a girl with brains."

So there was nothing left to do but to eat the big beefsteak dinner and dig up a preacher and buy a house and hire a nurse girl and send the kids to college.

THE END

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ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 36

Millinery

Lord Seely, who as a brigadier ordered the fateful charge on Moreuil Ridge.

Is This the Man Who Won the World War?

Lieutenant Flowerdew, who led the charge and died victorious, smiling.

Here Is a Theory Plausible Enough to Make You Think Twice Before Doubting It

By Lieutenant Colonel

N. G. THWAITES

C.B.E., M.V.O., M.C.

(Reading time: 9 min. 55 sec.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Colonel Thwaites served in the World War with distinguished courage. He was incapacitated for active combat by wounds. He came on a mission to the United States when he recovered, and later, until the end of the war, was Provost Marshal for Great Britain.

IN March, 1918, the Germans had won the war. They had all but crushed the British Fifth Army. They had only to march into the wide gap left between the British and the French to crumble up the Allied line and roll it back on Paris and the Channel ports.

The French and British were too weary and too few to fend off defeat. The bulk of the American forces were far away. They could not possibly arrive in time.

The Germans were tired but still aggressive. They had only to push on. But they paused to catch their breaths, to let their big guns come up from the rear.

And in that critical moment a brigadier general ordered a cavalry charge!

Infantrymen armed with the latest scientific weapons had charged those gray soldiers, and had been piled up in windrows. Men in armored tanks had charged, and had failed. Aviators had dived, shooting and bombing, and had failed. Great guns had thundered day and night, and had failed. The bayonet had failed. Gas had failed. All the modern methods had failed.

Could cavalry succeed? Could an outmoded, outdated, straightforward battle maneuver prove of value?

Thundering hoofs and men with sabers! As well call back the ghosts of the Light Brigade!

A year or so ago Major General John Bernard Seely, who ordered that charge, wrote something about it in his book, Adventure. Later he told some further particulars of the affair to a great audience at the clubhouse of the Royal Canadians in London.

The story raised such a discussion in the British Empire, and such an official verification, that I determined to secure from the general all he was able to tell.

General Seely has been made a baronet since then, and now he is Lord Seely of Mottistone.

The young man who led the charge, and died smiling, was decorated with the Victoria Cross—fifteen years after his death. He was Lieutenant Gordon Muriel Flowerdew of Strathcona's Royal Canadian Horse, the son of an English gentleman farmer.

In March, 1918, Lord Seely was a brigadier in command of the Canadian Horse.

"On March 20," he informed me, "I was summoned to London; and on the following evening the Prime Minister and Sir Maurice Hankey dined with Mrs. Seely and me. At the dinner I learned there had been a German attack that morning which had resulted in a great disaster, perhaps the greatest disaster ever sustained by British arms.

"I went back to my brigade the next morning, to learn that indeed the defeat had been unparalleled. The Fifth Army was all but destroyed.

"Ludendorff in his memoirs speaks of the capture of from eighty to ninety thousand prisoners in the first few days of that engagement. He does not disclose the frightful casualties, three times that number, inflicted on his advancing hosts by the tenacious British, Australian, and Canadian soldiers.

"Throughout this horrible ordeal the cavalry rendered service of a value out of all proportion to its size. Without that unit Germany would have won the war.

"On the evening of March 29 we lay at Boves. Early in the morning of March 30 General Pitman came to see me. 'The

LIBERTY, through Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, called the attention of Emperor William II, Supreme Commander of the German Armies in the World War, to the claim that Lieutenant Flowerdew was the man who won the war for the Allies. The Emperor's spokesman, Baron von Sell, replies:

"Reports of the Flowerdew incident were published in several German newspapers. There is at least a grain of truth in the story, since on the *27th* of March, 1918, the Ninth Infantry Division of the Eighteenth Army had succeeded tactically in breaking through the enemy lines at Montdidier. If a push backed by ample reserves had followed, it is probable that an actual break between the French and British armies would have resulted.

"If the favor of the moment was not exploited by the Germans, the reason must be sought in the fact that the German command and the troops in the field did not suspect the significance of their achievement in occupying Montdidier and the surrounding heights. It seems quite feasible that the heroic deed of the British lieutenant contributed to this mistaken impression.

"Major Seely's words glorify a man who did his duty as a brave soldier, probably without suspecting the immensity of the stake involved for his own side. It is not possible to reject entirely the construction placed upon the question by the British major general."

German advance continues,' he said. 'The situation is grave—extremely grave. We must stop them if we can. We must delay them if it's possible. They've captured Moreuil Ridge and they're pouring troops into the woods on the Amiens side of the ridge.'

"'Villers-Bretonneux?' I asked.

"'We still hold that,' Pitman said, 'but it's being heavily attacked. You go to the support of the infantry just beyond Castel, this side of Moreuil Ridge. Don't get too heavily involved—you'll be needed later.'

"Pitman was cool, but from the way he spoke I knew that things were desperate. As I rode down the main street with my brigade major, Major Connolly, and Captain Prince Antoine of Orléans, my aide-de-camp, bullets fell like rain. At the crossroads was the general commanding the French division on our right.

"'We must take Moreuil Ridge,' I told him.

"I saw that if the Germans captured the ridge I had just left, the main line from Amiens to Paris would be broken. And if that happened, both armies would be compelled to retreat to Paris and the Channel ports.

"'Take Moreuil Ridge!' the French general exclaimed. 'If we don't, all is lost. But it cannot be taken!'

"'Will you send orders to stand fast at Moreuil?' I asked. 'My men will take the ridge.'

"'A *brigade* take Moreuil Ridge? Impossible! The Germans have a whole division in the wood this side of it.'

"'I have the whole of the British cavalry coming to support me,' I replied. 'And following me, Foch.'

"Foch had been appointed commander in chief of the Allied armies three days before—and rumor had it that he was coming with great masses of new men.

"I do not think the French general believed me," General Seely went on, "but he sent his orderly off with precise orders: 'Hold Moreuil at all costs.'

"I galloped down the hill with my aide, my orderly—holding a little red pennant—and my signal troop. As I rode through our front line I met a young captain. 'We're going to retake the ridge,' I said. 'Fire on both sides of us, as closely as you can, while the rest of us go up.' The captain grinned and shouted, 'Good luck to you, sir!' and began giving orders to his men.

"The infantry opened a glorious fire on both sides of us as we galloped toward the wood this side of the ridge. Five out of twelve of my signal troop were shot, but the remaining seven reached the wood, jumped off their horses, and opened fire. My orderly jammed the red pennant into the ground at the point of the wood, and I looked back to see my brigade coming on.

"It is curious how galloping horses seem to magnify in power and number as they charge. My brigade looked like a mighty host sweeping over the open country.

"I GALLOPED up to Lieutenant Flowerdew, who commanded the leading squadron, and as we rode along together I told him his task was the most adventurous of all, but that I was confident he would succeed.

"The dragoons just ahead of us had suffered heavily before reaching the northeast corner of the ridge. But they had turned into the wood and engaged the enemy.

"Bullets hummed like insects all about us. Horses plunged, screamed. Men fell from horses' backs and lay still or ran forward to catch the stirrups of their comrades. It all seemed strange, yet natural.

"I went with Flowerdew to a point where we could see past the corner of the wood. He looked fresh, fit, ready for any desperate deed. I pointed to a long thin column of Germans marching into the wood.

"He said, with his gentle smile, 'It is a splendid moment, sir. I will try not to fail you.'

"He wheeled his men into line, and then with a wild shout he started, his saber raised and shining.

"There were two lines of Germans facing him. Each column was about sixty strong, and equipped with machine guns. One was two hundred and twenty yards behind the other.

"Flowerdew checked his horse and pivoted to give orders to Lieutenant Harvey.

"'Dismount your men,' he said, 'and after we've charged seize the machine guns.'

"Then the squadron, less one troop, went forward at the charge, slashing and stabbing with sabers. Machine guns and rifles spattered them, thinned them, knocked men out of saddles, dropped horses. Those who were left went on, trampling the gunners and riflemen; rode over the first gray column and into and over the second.

"Flowerdew, with two bullets in his chest and a gaping wound in each thigh, wheeled his men and led them back to saber the Germans who had survived.

"Seventy per cent of his men were dead or wounded.

"Flowerdew grinned, and crashed to the ground, dying.

"'We've won!' he shouted. 'Carry on!'

"His men established themselves in a little ditch that bordered the wood; and Harvey's troopers, who had captured the machine guns, joined them there.

"When I arrived with the supporting squadron, I found what was left of Flowerdew's men, huddled in twos or threes, each group with a captured machine gun, three or four dead Germans lying near each man. Seventy Germans had been killed by the sword. Probably in no other engagement in the war did the sword take such toll of dead.

"I saw two or three hundred others who had been killed by fire from their own machine guns. They lay in the wood and outside it. Our losses, in the few brief moments of the engagement, were three hundred men and more than eight hundred horses killed and wounded.

"OUR Canadians fought with fanatic valor; but the enemy, now surrounded in the wood, fought equally well. Not one man surrendered. Hundreds were mowed down as they ran to join their comrades holding on to the southeast corner. Hundreds more stood their ground and were shot or bayoneted.

"As I rode through the woods on my charger Warrior, with the dismounted squadrons of Strathcona's Horse, I saw a handsome young Bavarian fire at a Canadian and miss. The next moment a bayonet was thrust through his neck. He sank down, his back to a tree.

"'Lie down!' I shouted to him in German. 'A stretcher bearer will look after you.' His eyes blazed and color came into his ashen face. He snatched up a rifle and cried to me, even as he fired his last shot, '*Nein, nein! Ich will ungefangen sterben!*' Then he collapsed and died as he had wished, free, untouched by enemy hands. The German assault collapsed with him, then and there."

The Germans didn't understand that charge of Flowerdew's. They interpreted it incorrectly. They didn't know those few hundred reckless Canadians were all that stood between them and overwhelming victory.

They didn't understand that their charge was sheer effrontery, the last resource of armies facing chaos.

But—does a squadron of a beaten and retreating army fling itself, without hope, upon the oncoming mass of the enemy? Do a few hundred men attack hundreds of thousands in a vain effort to stay their march? Ridiculous.

These men must be the advance of the counterattack. The whole of the Allied armies must be in back of them!

Listen to them cheer! These are fresh men. Run! Sound the retreat! Fall back until we see the strength of the counterattack and can prepare to meet it!

They fell back. Their golden moment was gone, never to return. The hoofs of a horse had trampled an irresistible army into the earth! A man had won a war!

The Germans fell back and gave the Allies time to close the gap. It was never opened again until after the Armistice. It was sealed with Flowerdew's blood.

For fifteen years young Flowerdew slept in peace, unhonored, almost unknown. When Lord Seely spoke his name, an empire stirred. Authorities investigated. The facts were authenticated. And for the first time the story has been told in full in these pages. There is but one thing to add—a letter written by Foch to Seely.

"I shall never forget the heroism of the valiant Canadian Cavalry Division," it reads in part. "On the 30th of March at Moreuil, on April 1 at Santerre, the brigade succeeded, by its magnificent example and its offensive dash, in holding the enemy in check and breaking his spirit at last. The situation, extremely harassing in the beginning, was saved, largely thanks to its efforts."

THE END

HAPPY DAYS

MALNUTRITION AND THE NEED OF EASILY AVAILABLE INFORMATION FOR MOTHERS—A RECIPE FOR MEAT PIE—WHEN WHITE HOUSE BELONGINGS WENT AT AUCTION

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 4 min. 41 sec.)

HERE is a startling statement recently made by the Children's Bureau in Washington: As far back as 1930 the Bureau estimates that over 6,000,000 children in the United States suffered from malnutrition. Certainly since 1930 this staggering number must have increased rather than decreased, due to economic conditions and to the general apathy which we have shown in dealing with this problem.

It's almost shameful to realize that in our so-called "boom" times the percentage of malnutrition among children in this country was much higher than in most of the other civilized nations. So we can't excuse ourselves by the convenient term "depression illness." The following interesting statement was made to me by an authority in the field of child nutrition:

"Undernourishment among children is by no means exclusively due to starvation; children of the wealthiest have been found to have a high percentage of malnutrition." Therefore our problem is just as much one of educating parents as of providing the well known "full dinner pail."

Of what does this education consist? It seems to fall into two general categories, first the dissemination of knowledge about properly balanced diets for health and growth in children, and second, a better understanding of behavior problems associated with nutrition.

Information on diets for children of all ages should be more easily available to mothers.

It is perfectly true that this information can now be secured by writing to the Children's Bureau in Washington. But I also feel that every community should have a health officer qualified and interested in providing this help to mothers.

Schools, hospitals, and all social service workers should lead in this educational campaign. What an opportunity there is here for women's organizations of all types to see that malnutrition is relegated to past history in their own communities!

Now we come to those behavior problems which are largely psychological. For example, there's the child who won't drink that quart of milk a day; the child who has to be coaxed to take even a few mouthfuls of cereal; the child who makes every meal a battlefield.

While all of this is very distressing to the parent, it is the child himself who really suffers, because he is either not getting enough to eat or is not benefiting from what he does eat. At the present time there is almost no place that a mother can go for help or advice when she faces difficulties like these. I feel that every community library should have pamphlets as well as books which will suggest ways in which a mother may meet these behavior problems.

Parent-Teachers organizations may establish free discussion groups where they can exchange ideas and profit by each other's experiences. Our school systems must expand to include trained psychologists with whom parents may consult freely.

It is perfectly true that the great majority of undernourished children survive, but the tragedy lies in the fact that many of them are handicapped throughout their whole lives by tuberculosis, bad eyesight, defective teeth, and generally poor physiques.

The colossal problem of malnutrition among children is a challenge to every man and woman who has any interest at all in the citizens of the next generation.

THE other day at the White House we had a delicious meat pie for lunch. After the meal I went, pencil in hand, in search of Mrs. Nesbitt to get the recipe. She laughed when I asked her for it, and said:

"You didn't recognize the roast you had last night! That pie was made from left-overs."

And here is the recipe she gave me:

MEAT PIE

Any left-over gravy
2 cups left-over meat cut in small pieces
1 cup flour — ½ cup milk
1 heaping teaspoon baking powder
1 rounding tablespoon shortening
Pepper — Level teaspoon salt

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt and pepper. Rub in shortening. Add milk. Place meat and gravy in baking dish and spread the above dough quickly over top. Bake in hot oven until dough is browned—about 25 to 30 minutes.

NOTE: If there are left-over vegetables in the ice box, they may also be added to the meat and gravy.

HOW would you like to go to an auction of White House furniture and furnishings? No, no, I'm not extending an invitation in behalf of my family! But I was very much amused to learn that there was such an auction once.

Just before President Chester A. Arthur and his family moved into the White House, twenty-four wagonloads of household goods of every possible description were moved out and sold at auction. Some of the more sensational items in this auction were a pair of trousers, a dilapidated silk hat, and a carpetbag which had belonged to Abraham Lincoln. The carpetbag had held Lincoln's famous inaugural address. Then there was a portmanteau once carried by Mrs. Abigail Adams. A sideboard which had been the possession of Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes was snatched up by an enterprising local saloon. And the stupendous sum of $3,000 was realized by the sale of the contents of the twenty-four wagons. Antique enthusiasts of today must weep bitter tears that they missed the opportunity to outbid each other at this sale.

Hearts and

(Reading time: 28 minutes 10 seconds.)

IN the dying days of the Venetian Republic, Marc-Antoine, Vicomte de Saulx, exiled French nobleman, comes to Venice as emissary of Great Britain. By fortunate accident, Marc is able to pose as Mr. Melville, an English flâneur, and as Lebel, agent of the French Directory.

In Venice Marc meets Isotta Pizzamano, whom he had loved when her father was ambassador in London. Isotta is now engaged to Vendramin, an impoverished nobleman posing as a patriot but actually in French pay. Marc also meets a lady, a French secret agent, posing as the Vicomtesse de Saulx—his own widow. Between Marc and Vendramin grows a bitter enmity. A duel is fought. Then Vendramin twice tries to have his rival murdered by bravoes. In the second attempt Marc is dangerously wounded and is carried to the French embassy. Vendramin in the meantime presses for an immediate marriage with Isotta, who puts him off with a promise to announce the day at Easter, a month hence.

As soon as Marc is well enough to go abroad again, he is arrested by agents of the inquisitors of state and lodged in the Prison of the Leads. He is brought before the inquisitors' court of Three, the accusation being that in his rôle of Lebel he has injured the Venetian Republic more than he has aided it as Melville, the agent of the friendly British government.

Part Ten—Casus Belli

MARC-ANTOINE was conscious at once that Count Pizzamano had deliberately slewed round on his stool to face him, perhaps as much taken aback as Marc-Antoine himself by that deadly question.

In certain circumstances the answer would be so easy, and tested by the sequel its veracity must be established.

He could have gone on to explain that, when about to denounce the Vicomtesse de Saulx, one of his reasons for pausing was because it would have been imprudent to have let this denunciation follow so closely upon that of Rocco Terzi. Therefore, whilst he had postponed denouncing her, he had entered into relations with her so that he might keep her under surveillance and also so as to use her as a channel of information.

He could not merely have told them all this—he could have indicated how easily the proof of it was to be obtained, and so he could have cleared himself of this last and heaviest suspicion. But he could only so clear himself at the expense of that frail creature into the lonely wistfulness and perhaps hopelessness of whose soul he had been afforded a glimpse.

He had a swift vision of that horrible instrument of steel, shaped like a horseshoe. It inclosed the back of the neck, whilst across the front of it a silken cord was passed communicating with a winch that was turned and turned.

On the other hand there was the thought of Isotta, whose father's eyes were turned upon him sternly to question this unaccountable hesitation in him.

It was not the first time in his life that a choice of evils had been forced upon him, but never a choice so terrible as this.

And so, at last, all that he answered, very gravely, was: "That is what I ask you to believe."

Messer Corner continued for a long moment to regard him sternly without speaking. There was something of astonishment too in that glance.

Count Pizzamano continued to stare uncomprehending at the prisoner.

Not only was the thing admitted to be true which had seemed to him so fantastic when asserted by Corner, but in tacitly admitting it Marc-Antoine was admitting also his guilt; for the existence of a Vicomtesse de Saulx in the circumstances expounded by the inquisitor seemed a clear proof that Marc-Antoine's true identity must be known to the French ambassador.

The gentle voice of Corner came at last to interrupt his speculations. The inquisitor was addressing Cristofoli:

"You will reconduct the prisoner to the room that has been assigned to him. Let him be shown every consideration consistent with his close detention until we make known our pleasure."

Fury blinded him. It almost choked him. "A maid!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FALTER

BY RAFAEL

Swords

A Master Story-Teller's Greatest Romance

he jeered in a thick voice. "And are you a maid?"

The ominous words struck a chill into Marc-Antoine's heart. In silence he suffered himself to be led out.

When the door had closed upon him, Messer Corner asked Count Pizzamano if he had anything to urge that might assist their deliberations.

The count stood up. "I would only remind your Excellencies that whilst all that you may have against the Vicomte de Saulx is based upon assumptions, that which tells in his favour rests upon solid fact."

"Be sure that we shall remember it." Very courteously Corner inclined his head. "We are grateful to you, lord count, for your assistance."

Perceiving in this his dismissal, Count Pizzamano bowed gravely to the Three, and passed out.

Barbarigo shuffled restlessly. "Need we waste more words on this? The matter is clear, I think."

Gabriel shrugged his narrow shoulders. "I am lost in all the conjectures we have raised."

"Surely," grumbled Barbarigo, "it is not in your mind to pursue them further? To judgment, then."

Corner was wistful. "Would your Excellency venture to deliver judgment in a matter so delicately balanced as this is?"

Gabriel turned squarely to the red inquisitor in expostulation. "But if we are neither to debate the case further nor yet to deliver judgment upon it, what then?"

"Postpone," said Corner, and tightened his lips. "The matter being so evenly balanced, as I have said and as you must agree, it only remains to wait until some fresh discovery disturbs that balance."

"You relieve me," said the doleful Gabriel. "I concur cordially."

Together they now looked at Barbarigo and waited. The old man blinked at them with his watery eyes. His head shook more than ever in annoyance.

"I'll not oppose you," he said at last. "But this postponement is a waste of time. That young man was of an effrontery that I have always associated with guilt. And I don't want for experience. It would be more merciful not to keep him lingering in suspense, for it is written that he must come to the strangler in the end. Still, since you seem set on it, we will postpone the sentence."

"ISOTTA, my dear, did Marc ever tell you that he was married?"

The count sat at table with his countess and their daughter. Supper was at an end and the servants had left the room.

Isotta looked up with a smile—and smiling was an art that Isotta seemed lately to have lost. "He must have forgotten to do so," she said, and her father perceived that she mocked him.

"That is what I supposed."

The countess, looking from her husband to her daughter, supposed that a jest was passing which she did not understand. She begged to be enlightened. The count responded clearly and definitely in a manner startling to both mother and daughter. Isotta, recovering, shook her dark head and spoke confidently:

"There is an error somewhere in your information."

Francesco Pizzamano, grave-eyed, denied the possibility of error. He stated whence his information came. And now at last Isotta's confidence deserted her.

"Oh! But it is unbelievable!" Her eyes were very round and black in the scared pallor of her face.

"Truth so often is," said her father. "Myself, at first I could not credit it—not until it was admitted by Marc himself. Since then, considering it, I perceive that he must have had sound reason for his secrecy. What I most find to respect in Marc is that he is a man who will sacrifice everything to the cause he serves."

"But if the inquisitors—" she began, and then broke off. Abruptly she asked: "Is he in danger?"

Slowly the count shook his head. "I can't suppose it. Catarin is not by any means a fool. Marc will surely be set at liberty presently."

She questioned him closely, feverishly, upon the precise words that had passed between inquisitors and prisoner.

SABATINI

DECORATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

When she had gone Francesco Pizzamano looked gloomily at his countess.

"Do you judge her to be deeply hurt by this?"

The handsome Donna Leocadia was tragic. "The poor child looked as if she had taken her death wound."

But Isotta's burden was heavier than they knew or than she allowed even her mother to suspect. She had listened to her father's theory, conveyed to her by her mother, that Marc, with no hope of marrying where he loved, had given himself in marriage to further the cause to which he was dedicated. It brought her no conviction. If Marc had done this there would have been no reason for his secrecy. The only explanation that she found was one that loaded her with humiliation. When she had sought him that morning at his lodging she had done so upon too rash an assumption that it was for her that he had come to Venice.

In those days she began to discover in herself a vocation for a religious life. Nauseated with the world and the meaningless perpetual strife with which man filled it, she conceived a yearning for the peace of the cloister, perceived in it a refuge, a sanctuary, which none would venture to deny her. Vendramin might dispute her with man, but he would not dare dispute her with God.

Domenico had learnt from his father the little that was known of Marc's marriage, which is to say the little that was disclosed at the trial before the inquisitors. But by an odd chance he learnt it on the evening of a day when he had actually made the acquaintance of the Vicomtesse de Saulx.

In the course of his investigations into the quarrel between Marc and Vendramin he had sought Major Sanfermo, with whom he had formerly been on friendly terms; and by Sanfermo he was taken for the first time in his austere young life to the Casino del Leone, in quest of Androvitch.

Here Domenico was presented to the Vicomtesse de Saulx, to be—although he did not suspect it—almost as great an object of interest to the little Frenchwoman as she was to him. When he left her at the end of a half hour's talk he was more bewildered than ever; nor did his father subsequently succeed in clearing up the doubts in his mind.

What else he had added, on the generous theory he had formed, was now repeated by Domenico to his sister.

"It must be, Isotta, that like yourself Marc is a victim of the needs of his country or his party. But you are not yet at the altar. I have discovered something; and I may yet discover more."

At her brother's bidding she postponed announcement of the decision that must be her last resource.

Meanwhile the days flowed on. When Holy Week was reached, it brought darker clouds of despair into her sky, as into the sky of Venice.

And just at this time Andoche Junot was dispatched to Venice. He bore a letter from Napoleon to the Senate.

ARRIVING on the evening of Good Friday, Bonaparte's aide-de-camp demanded audience for the following morning. Courteously entreated to let the matter wait until after the Easter celebrations, so that business might not be transacted on days devoted to solemn religious observances, the swashbuckling Junot answered coarsely that if he were not received within twenty-four hours Venice must take the consequences.

To receive this emissary the College assembled in the splendid chamber in which Veronese and Tintoretto had immortalized the power and glory of Venice.

The master of ceremonies, the Knight of the Doge, advanced, wand in hand, to conduct the French emissary as the etiquette prescribed. But the coarse soldier, thrusting him brutally aside, tramped across the room without uncovering, his sabre clanking after him.

The senators stared askance, stricken dumb by this contemptuous treatment, burning with shame to see Ludovico Manin, pale and nervous, so lost to a sense of the dignity of his high office as to offer nevertheless the courteous words of welcome that the forms prescribed.

Junot's utter disregard of these was like a blow in the face to every patrician present. He plucked a paper from his belt. It was the letter from Bonaparte. In a voice loud and harsh he read out its contents to them:

"You attempt in vain to avoid the responsibility of your order. Do you think that I cannot cause the first people of the Universe to be respected? . . . The Senate of Venice has replied with perfidy to the generosity which we have always shown. My aide-de-camp, who goes to you, will offer you the choice of peace or war. If you do not at once disarm and disperse the hostile peasants and arrest and surrender to us the authors of the murders, war is declared."

Having read it to the end, Junot got to his feet as abruptly as he had sat down. He announced curtly that he would await their answer at the French legation.

And abjectly now they sent their apologies to Bonaparte, their expressions of respect and devotion and their promise of immediate compliance with his demands.

WITH that war-averting answer Junot departed on Easter Monday. And on that same day in Verona, to cries of "St. Mark!" and "Death to the French!" the fury of a long-suffering people flamed terribly forth.

The French fled for shelter to the forts—but not before some hundreds of them had been slaughtered. Bonaparte dispatched Augier to Verona, and peace was restored there within a few days. But Napoleon had his pretext for a declaration of war.

On Easter Monday the Council of Ten had published a decree, consonant with Venetian neutrality, excluding from the harbour all foreign warships.

On the following Thursday the Libérateur d'Italie, commanded by Jean Baptiste Laugier, and accompanied by two luggers, having taken on board a Chioggia fisherman as a pilot, attempted to enter the Port of Lido.

Domenico Pizzamano, who was in command at the Fort Sant' Andrea, shared the despair and humiliation in which patriots such as his father watched the now inevitable and shameful end of the most Serene Republic.

When word was conveyed to him of the approach of those foreign ships, he repaired instantly to the ramparts to survey matters for himself.

The vessels displayed no colours, but they were certainly not Venetian, and the Libérateur, which was leading, was heavily armed.

Domenico took his decision instantly. He ordered two rounds to be fired across her bows as a warning.

For the luggers this was enough. Without more ado they both went about and stood off. Captain Laugier, however, continued defiantly upon his course, breaking out the French tricolour.

Domenico opened fire in earnest. The Libérateur returned it, until crippled by a shot between wind and water she ran aground on a mud bank to save herself from sinking. Domenico went off with two armed launches to take possession of the ship, and was accompanied by a galliot commanded by Captain Viscovich

with a company of Slavonian soldiers.

They boarded the French vessel, and after a brief sharp fight, in which Laugier was killed, made themselves master of her as night was falling.

Among her papers, which he seized, Domenico found abundant evidence of intelligence between Laugier and French residents in Venice.

On the day after that Domenico was commanded to attend before the Council of Ten. He was received with enthusiasm and officially praised.

Chapter XXXI—Vendramin's Last Card

THE week that followed the affair of the Lido was an uneasy one. Venice was full of rumours and she was being patrolled now day and night by troops.

At the Casa Pizzamano, despite the pride in Domenico for his fearless performance of duty, it was a week of mourning. The count perceived the moribund condition of the Republic—understood that its hours were numbered.

Perceiving his dark mood, Vendramin hesitated to remind him that Easter had come and gone and the marriage date remained unappointed. He hesitated the more because he also perceived that the shape which events had taken had robbed him of a good deal of the power of insistence which he had possessed. As long as his services were to be sought so as to influence decisions, so long was he in a position to bargain and to demand the price that he required. But now, suddenly, the whole political aspect had changed. Decisions no longer lay with the Serenissima. Consequently Vendramin no longer had any influence to market. What if this stiff-necked count and that cold proud piece, his daughter, should now refuse to honour the debt they had contracted?

Such a thought brought him more than a shiver of apprehension. Never had he been so debt-ridden as now; never had his credit been so exhausted. His state was parlous. If the Pizzamani should play him false he did not know what would become of him.

The suspense of this was not to be borne. However the intrusion of so personal a matter might be resented at a time of such national anxiety, Vendramin could not suffer any scruples to deter him.

So he sought Isotta and found her one afternoon in the loggia that overlooked the garden.

Leaning, tall and graceful, upon the parapet of the loggia, and muting his rich voice to a tone of prayer, he reminded her that a week and more was gone since that Easter for which she had promised him the happiness of the appointment of their wedding day.

She betrayed no nervousness. She looked at him straightly and candidly with eyes that were full of melancholy.

"If I were to say to you, Leonardo, that it is in my thoughts to take the veil, should you oppose it?"

It took him a moment to realize what she had said. Then he flushed. "Should I be human if I did not?"

"But if I desire to pledge myself to God, shall not that overrule all pledges made to man?"

"My God! You are serious, then, in this fraudulent thought, this—this proposed swindle? By the Host! Can you dream that your father will be a party to such a trick? Your father—I thank God—is a man of honour. He will not see me cheated of my just reward."

She looked away from him. "Should you consider it a *reward* to take to wife an unwilling maid?"

Sombre and gaunt the count stood before him in the candlelight, to shock him by the change in his appearance.

He had a sense of beating his head against a cold unyielding wall of obstinacy. Fury blinded him. It almost choked him. "A maid!" he jeered in a thick voice. "And are you a maid? Are you?"

That drew her eyes to him, and he laughed brutally, hideously into her face. "Are you even fit to take the veil? To enter upon the mystic nuptials? Have you asked yourself that? Oh, I understand you. You would cheat me now in this as you cheated me before, with lies—persuaded me of the innocence of your visit to that dog's lodging. Will you so easily persuade your father of it?"

"Do you mean to tell him?"

The question suggested to him where his power might yet lie.

"As God's my witness, unless you come to your senses and fulfill your promise."

"Will you ring, Leonardo, and bid them ask my father and brother to come here?"

He made no movement to obey. "What is that for? What are you going to do?"

"If you will ring you will discover. I shall tell you in my father's presence."

He glowered upon her. How baffling and obstinate she could be in that accursed repose!

"Remember what I have said. You are warned. Either

you fulfill the sacred promise that you made me, or Count Pizzamano shall learn that he has a wanton for his daughter!"

As he spoke he swung round at last to do her bidding and ring, only to discover that it was no longer necessary. He had delayed too long. Count Pizzamano and Domenico were in the room beyond the loggia.

The strain of the last few weeks had told heavily upon Count Pizzamano. Much of the man's normal calm urbanity had deserted him.

He advanced now, Domenico following a pace behind him; and so they came to the threshold of the loggia.

"I do not know, Leonardo, when such words as I have overheard from you have been uttered under this roof before. I trust, never. Will you tell me the occasion of terms so wanting in respect to my daughter?"

"I am sorry that you should have overheard me, lord count. But since it has happened, you must be the judge of whether I have cause for heat. After all the patience I have used, after so loyally doing my part, Isotta threatens to evade by fraud her obligation. I appeal to you, sir, to bring your daughter to—to reason."

"Odd that you should use the word fraud," said the count. "For that is the very subject I was coming to discuss with you. Domenico has been telling me something of the circumstances of your duel with Messer Melville."

"By the Host!" cried the infuriated Vendramin. "If you must know the causes of that duel, you shall know them."

But the count did not suffer him to proceed further. "Not the causes, Leonardo. That may come after. Or we may not get so far. It is on the circumstances that I desire a word with you."

"The circumstances?" Vendramin did not understand.

"Tell him, Domenico."

Domenico was prompt. "It is common knowledge in the casino you frequent that you owed Messer Melville a thousand ducats which you had borrowed from him. It is further said that, trusting to your accomplishments as a swordsman, you calculatedly provoked him, hoping thus to liquidate the debt."

"If you will tell me by whom that abominable lie is being repeated—"

"At the Casino del Leone I found it on the lips of every one."

"Does that make it true? The fact is, if you must know, that the coward sheltered himself behind the debt."

"Then, since you met him, it follows that you paid him."

"Of course. What then?"

Domenico looked at his father with a crooked smile before replying:

"Your duel was fought two days after the Feast of St. Theodore. Tell my father where you obtained so large a sum of money."

THIS was the deadly question that Vendramin had been fearing. But he was ready with his answer, and the manner of its delivery was crafty.

"I understand," he said bitterly. "You think to embarrass me before your sister—to prejudice me with her. So be it! After all, what does it matter? I had the money from a lady—from a lady with whom it follows that I was very friendly. Must I name her? But why not? I borrowed the money from the Vicomtesse de Saulx."

Domenico's answer came like a blow between the eyes:

"But the vicomtesse tells me that you did not."

"She tells you—she tells you that? You questioned her and she tells you that?" He paused there to add stormily: "She lies, then!"

"She lies," said the count, "to cancel a debt of a thousand ducats. I never heard a stranger reason for falsehood. However, we will let that pass."

The count's tone now became one of withering contempt. "Your meeting with Messer Melville took place two days after the Feast of St. Theodore. On St. Theodore's Day you came to me here with a tale that for the purposes of our patriotic campaign you required a thousand ducats. You required it for distribution among some of the more necessitous in your Barnabotti following, so as to insure us their votes at the meeting of the Grand Council that was to follow. What does one say to a man—a patrician of Venice—who can stoop to so loathly a fraud?"

Vendramin clenched his hands. "By the sacrament! Wait before you judge. Wait until you learn how I was justified—"

"Nothing can justify a gentleman in stealing and lying," he was answered. "I will not hear you now, or ever again. There is the door, sir. I beg you to go!"

But Vendramin had still a card to play—the last card standing between himself and ruin, between himself and destitution and a debtors' prison.

However, destiny was to interfere to prevent the playing of that soiled card.

The door opened and a lackey entered. He came to announce Major Sanfermo; but, to their surprise, the major followed instantly upon the announcement without waiting to be bidden.

He uncovered and bowed respectfully to the count, who stared frowning in uncomprehending displeasure at this intrusion. Then, erect in his bright-red coat with its steel gorget, the officer turned to Domenico and very formally addressed him:

"Captain Pizzamano, I am here to execute an order of the Council of Ten for your arrest."

Chapter XXXII—The Hero of the Lido

THIS order for the arrest of the hero of the Lido, who a few days ago had received the thanks of the Senate for his gallantry, was one of the last submissions that the moribund Republic was called upon to make.

At the same time instructions to placate Bonaparte had been sent to the envoys who were on their way to the general with the Senate's docile answer to his ultimatum by Junot. Those envoys reached the general at Palmanova and requested an audience.

Humbly the two middle-aged patrician representatives of the Most Serene Republic came before the tempestuous young Bonaparte.

Bonaparte broke into the considered speech in which one of them expressed Venetian friendship. He interrupted him with unmeasured invective against the Most Serene Republic's perfidy.

He moved restlessly about the room as he talked in fluent Southern Italian, working himself into a passion real or pretended, and waving his arms in a vigour of gesticulation.

He spoke of the atrocity of Laugier's death, and he demanded the arrest and surrender to him of the officer who had given the order to fire upon the Libérateur. From this he went on to demand the immediate release of all those detained in Venetian prisons for political offences, among

whom he knew that there were many French. The climax of his tirade came in the final announcement:

"I will have no more inquisitors. I will have no more Senate. I will be an Attila for the State of Venice."

Such was the report which the envoys brought home.

At the same time Villetard came back with a letter from Bonaparte to Lallemant in which the French ambassador was ordered to depart, leaving Villetard as chargé d'affaires.

The report of the envoys was so terrifying and the conviction so clear of a declaration of war to follow that the Council of Ten wasted no time in complying with the demands.

The political prisoners in the Leads, among whom was Marc-Antoine, were astonished by being restored to liberty. The inquisitors of state were placed under arrest, and it had fallen to Major Sanfermo's lot to be sent to secure the person of Domenico Pizzamano.

To Count Pizzamano, who had not been in his place in the Council when these measures were decreed, the arrest of his son was the last test of endurance. He stood stricken, trembling, vaguely conscious that Isotta was at his side, hanging upon his arm. Then as mastering himself he looked around, his glance fell upon Vendramin, standing there at a loss, momentarily stupefied by the nature of this interruption.

"Why do you wait, sir?" the count asked him.

And the mortified Vendramin, who was realizing that he had lost all, and yet who was baulked even of that last desperate attempt at redemption in the presence of the thunderbolt that had fallen upon this house, slunk out in silent baffled rage.

DOMENICO watched him depart, then quietly addressed the officer: "If you will give me a moment with my father, major, I shall be at your service."

But Sanfermo, grim of countenance, surprised them: "Now that we are alone, I may speak out. I could hardly have done so before Vendramin. My confidence in him is not stout enough for that. I am under orders which I frankly tell you are in the last degree repellent to me." Then in another tone he proceeded: "Lord count, the knell of the Serenissima has sounded. The deputies returning from Bonaparte bring the demand that if war is to be averted the patrician government must be deposed. The news from Klagenfurt is that the Treaty of Loeben, under which peace has been made, provides for the cession of the Venetian territories to Austria in exchange for Lombardy. It is clear, my lord, that here there is no more to be done." He paused and, instinctively lowering his voice, more directly expressed his mind: "From Verona we hear that Count Emili and seven others who attempted to vindicate the honour of Venice have been shot by the French. No honest Venetian could suffer that Captain Pizzamano should be added to the roll of martyrs." He turned to Domenico. "That is why deliberately I have come alone to effect your arrest. I have brought no men with me. I am easily overpowered. A gondola would take you to San Giorgio in Alga, where the galleys of your friend Admiral Correr are stationed. In one of these you could reach Trieste and make your way to Vienna."

When they had recovered from their amazement in the presence of such generosity, there was a cry of relief from the count, an invocation by him of blessings on the head of this good friend and true Venetian.

But Domenico had a word to say that silenced these thanksgivings:

"Have you thought, sir, of the consequences? Of the consequences to Venice? And perhaps to Major Sanfermo?" He shook his head. "Even if I could profit by your generosity, I must weigh the other consequences that these French brigands would visit upon Venice for my escape." He unbuckled his sword belt as he spoke. "My heart is full of gratitude and wonder. But I cannot take advantage of your generosity. Here is my sword, sir."

The count stood grey-faced but grim in the iron self-control which birth and honour imposed upon him. Isotta, trembling, clung to him for strength.

Domenico came to them. "If Venice demands of you the sacrifice of a son, at least the sacrifice is one that does us honour. And I may thank God that in his mercy he should have permitted my last action to have been the deliverance of our house from the necessity of making an ignoble sacrifice also of its daughter."

Chapter XXXIII—Deliverance

THE inquisitors of state, arrested by order of the Doge and Council, who flung to the lions every victim demanded of them, were conveyed to confinement in San Giorgio Maggiore. The same decree, promulgated in response to the crack of the whip of the French master, opened the prisons of those whose fate until that moment had lain in the hands of the Three, Marc among them.

First of all, Marc must learn what had been taking place during those weeks of his confinement, shut off from all news of the world.

After some self-questioning he concluded that the only safe place in which to seek the needed information was the Casa Pizzamano.

It was some hours after Domenico had departed under arrest, and Marc-Antoine came now to a house of mourning. He sensed it from the moment his foot touched the wide marble steps and entered the noble vestibule.

Amid the splendours of the untenanted salon Marc waited, uneasily wondering, until, pallid, sombre, and gaunt, the count stood before him in the candlelight, to shock him by the change in his appearance.

"I am glad to see you at last delivered, Marc. It is a condition for which you are to thank the French." In bitterness he added: "The rulers of this Venice for which you have laboured would never have treated you as generously. They have a different way with those who serve them. Domenico has gone to reap the reward of his loyal conduct! They have taken him to Murano. He is a prisoner there in the Fortress of San Michele."

"Domenico!" Marc was appalled. "But why?"

"So that presently he may face a firing party."

"I mean on what pretext? What has he done?"

"He had the temerity to carry out the orders of the government he served, and fired on a French warship."

Marc-Antoine looked into those weary, blood-injected eyes in speechless sympathy of sorrow and of anger.

The count invited him to sit, and moving past him on dragging feet flung himself, a man limp and jaded, into a chair. Marc-Antoine, disregarding the invitation, merely wheeled to face him.

In the concluding installment next week you will read how Marc and Isotta found happiness.

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 5 minutes 8 seconds.)

SHE went into the Chinese jewelry business because one of Russia's famous wild children picked her pocket.

The lady I am thus introducing is Madira Bickel—wife of Karl A. Bickel, president of the United Press. The connection between Chinese jewelry and Russian pocket picking came about as follows:

A Russian wild boy snatched her traveler's checks. She cabled home for funds, then went on to Peiping. Soviet police recovered her checks, sent them to her. She found herself in the old Chinese capital with money to burn.

"Peiping," Mrs. Bickel told me, "is paradise on earth to women who love bargain hunting for picturesque finery. I bought sixty pairs of earrings—all in one morning. Home I came with hundreds of unusual necklaces, rings, etc. I kept as many as I wanted and gave a lot away. But still my house was full of Chinese jewelry.

"People seemed to like it. So I went into the business as a wholesaler."

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MADIRA BICKEL

Now Mrs. Bickel goes back to China every year for more. How interested I was, hearing her explain the symbolism of Oriental jewelry! For example, the *earrings of happy marriage*—two golden butterflies around the pearl of life. And the Chinese wedding rings for men, made of gold and tortoise shell—with a significant band of infant heads enameled on the gold. Also ancient poison rings of pierced silver—now fashionable for dieters who keep their saccharine pellets in the secret little chamber originally made to hold poison.

Chinese jewelry is always symbolic—the designs are thousands of years old. The best of their old carnelian has turned dull orange from centuries of contact with warm human flesh. Altogether a fascinating subject! I could write pages about it.

"MY husband has such a terrible temper." From time to time I hear this cry voiced by women. I think it is seldom justified. Most men are pretty mild. Most women expect them to be cyclonic.

I once knew a man whose temper fulfilled all his wife's expectations. He destroyed pair after pair of pants by getting mad with his hands in his pockets. His rages were quite spectacular. Suddenly infuriated, he would shove his hands down in a convulsion of anger, ripping his trousers from hip to ankle. One time I saw him do it in a crowded trolley car.

A man with a real temper is no joke. He embarrasses every one, himself included. Some years ago a friend of mine married a rabid gentleman. I went to visit them. The entire household palpitated from morning to night, always fearful that *he* might be in a bad humor. I got out as quickly as I could. It was too much of a strain.

The man with a really terrible temper becomes a *he*—a dragon—the monster shunned by every one in his vicinity. If I were trying to wish bad luck on any man, I don't believe I could wish him worse than a bad temper.

LADY, your dog is in the bag. No, that's not right. What I mean to say is that your dog is *on* the bag.

It's the latest Paris fad. Have a silhouette artist cut a portrait of your canine pet out of ivory or amber. Have the pup's picture affixed to your hand bag. Very smart!

Very silly, perhaps, but what of it?

A HEATING engineer has been telling me about some of the experiments now going on in his field. He says our homes and offices will be ideally "climated" before long by radiating heat or cold from the wall surfaces. Pipes through the walls instead of small radiators. Hot pipes in winter, cold pipes in summer.

In Russia, I remember, our old porcelain stoves used to provide splendid heat very much that way. The side of the stove reached from floor to ceiling. Thus distributed, the heat was always even and regular. Of course, in Russia we didn't have to worry about cooling our houses.

EVER since I published that item about wives not liking their husbands' hats I have been deluged with arguments pro and con. One woman writes, "You must know my husband. His hats are awful." Another woman says, "I have been married for nineteen years and my husband's hats have always satisfied me."

I seem to have started something. I have no intention of settling it. From now on I'm neutral. The truth is, I've had more letters from wives who admire their husbands' hats than I have had from women who object to masculine millinery.

So I'm all at sea. I give up. I surrender!

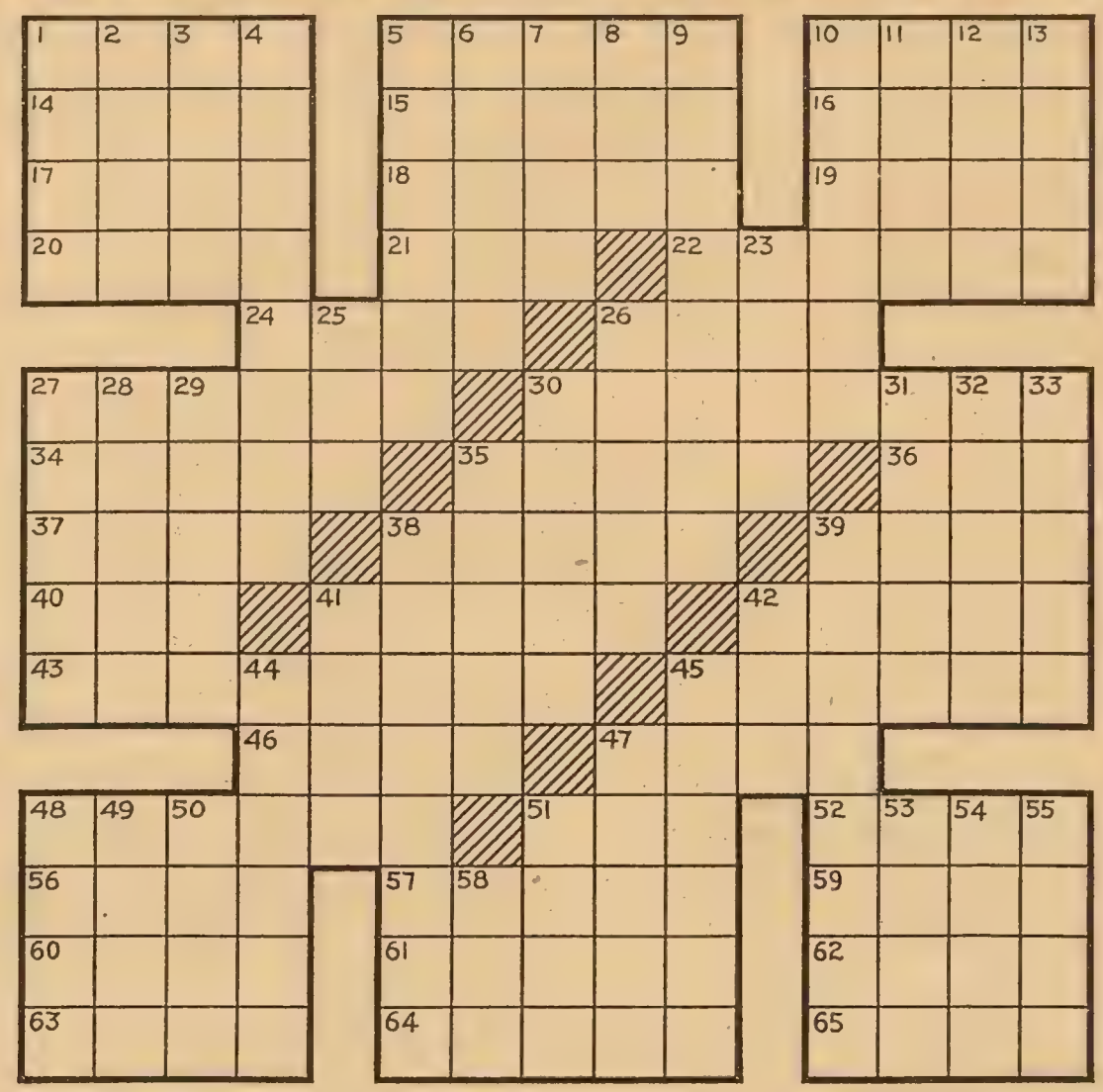
Yet I retain a private conviction that the women who like their husbands' hats have been more forward, more communicative, than the women who dislike their husbands' hats. The hat-loving wives show their letters to their husbands before they mail them to me—and win credit thereby. The hat-hating wives write to me secretly. Theirs is the loneliness of desperation.

JANET BEITH has written a novel of strong emotional interest for women. Story of a clergyman's wife who fell in love with an artist. It's called No Second Spring. (Published by Stokes.)

OLD England was known as "Merry England." Some say it was the English meat pie that made old England merry. The best meat pies have oysters in them as well as meat. Here's a veal-and-oyster pie that will delight you all—especially the men.

Use a neck of veal. Cut into inch pieces and cook slowly for 1 hour. Add 2 tablespoons diced salt pork, 1 chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper. In a separate pan prepare 1 cup cream sauce. Pour this on the veal, etc., and let cook 20 minutes. Put in baking dish with a layer of raw oysters on top. Pepper and salt again. Cover with pastry and bake ½ hour in medium oven.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 To be changed from a solid to liquid state
5 Tally
10 Pierce
14 Property of a substance that affects the sense of smell
15 A son of Priam, King of Troy (Greek legend)
16 Center
17 A monster of fairy tales
18 Goddess of peace
19 To rave
20 Mounds
21 Measure of weight
22 Women of affected modesty
24 A pronoun
26 Short blunt part of anything after the larger is broken off
27 Genus of lizards
30 Works of the highest class and acknowledged excellence
34 Roamed
35 Bleats
36 Regret
37 A day of the ancient Roman month
38 Dull discourse
39 Polish cake
40 Over (prefix)
41 Leading string
42 Lowest point
43 To alienate
45 Vocal compositions on sacred texts
46 Greek letter (plural)
47 Kind of boat
48 Cowardly

GOSH APORT SCAB
UREA ARROW PULE
SEEN REASONABLE
HONDA ATE AREAS
STERE ARK
REMOTER BID CAM
ELAM RAZED GORE
CITE NEW ARROW
USER AGAIN LOSE
RED ARE LYRATED
AVA ODEON
SHAME ORE ETAPE
COMPRADORE ITER
ANIL LINER NORA
REDE ANODE EMIL

Answer to last week's puzzle

10 Rubs hard in washing
11 Amphibian of the genus Bufo
12 Name of an English composer
13 Wagers
23 The language of Russia
25 Secreted
26 Cut hastily and carelessly
27 Ascend
28 Complication or difficulty
29 Manifest
30 To fill up, as an opening
31 Sultan's decree
32 Measure of length
33 Burns to hardness
35 Boasts
38 Actions performed to show penitence
39 Those who fight, as soldiers
41 Recent
42 Prefix: not
44 To venerate
45 To assemble, as troops, for roll call
47 Holiness
48 Crop of a bird
49 Ecclesiastical court (Roman Catholic)
50 Solar disk (mythology)
51 Contemptuous name for a child
53 Fail to include
54 A team of baseball players
55 Increased or developed in any way
58 Wing
51 Encore!
52 Wish eagerly
56 Fixed routine
57 Proof reader's mark indicating insertion
59 Mohammedan noble
60 Biblical name
61 Puff up
62 Russian hemp
63 Diminish
64 A sylvan deity (classical mythology)
65 Boil

VERTICAL

1 To argue for and against
2 To move by little and little
3 Learning
4 Supports for scaffoldings
5 Treats maliciously
6 A shot in billiards
7 Son of Jerahmeel
8 Japanese measure of length
9 Having no septa (botany and zoölogy)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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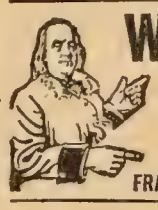

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VOX POP

GIRLS, LET THIS BE A WARNING TO YOU

NEWPORT, R. I.—Your story by Mary McCormic on the Mdivani brothers ought to be reproduced in the society magazines. It would do much, I'm sure, to prevent foolish young women from attaching themselves to European triflers.

I have seen so much of it in social circles throughout the country. Miss McCormic and Basil Woon have done a great job, and deserve the congratulations of the community.—*Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

NORWOOD, N. Y.—Miss Mary McCormic certainly makes us feel our provincialism. And the final crushing blow to our pride comes with her statement, "Their [the Mdivani princes'] prowess in sport alone should make any girl proud to call one of them her husband." Alas, poor weak-kneed American men! One of these three brothers is a champion swimmer, one a champion tennis player, another one of the world's greatest polo players, etc., etc.

I don't seem to recall just what championships they hold, but it's probably lucky for us they don't stoop to competition with the common herd. Just imagine the sports headlines if they did: "Babe Mdivani hits another homer" or "Red Mdivani scores two touchdowns."—*Art Mahoney.*

VANCOUVER, B. C.—The article My Prince Mdivani and I, by Mary McCormic, is certainly the frankest admission of a bled sucker that I have ever read. Why not be more sporting about it, Miss Mary, with at least the happy gesture of wishing his latest victim well? Like you, Miss Barbara Hutton will pay dearly for her privilege of signing "Princess."—*Canuck.*

THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA

SEATTLE, WASH.—Why take up your valuable space with Jimmy Walker's life? Who cares? His own ancestors would roll over in their graves. They helped to make this a great country; they belonged to that high level of Americans who believed that a public office was a public trust as well as an honor.

Incidentally, what makes you think that the United States stops at the outskirts of New York City? Why, it really begins there!

Outside of that you're O. K. Why not dig down a little deeper in your jeans and get Julian Street to write an article on Hollywood stars? He is a riot—we swear by him out here.—*A. Lingenbrink.*

THE EDITORS OF LIBERTY DID. IT'S A FAMOUS CASE. WHY CAN'T TWO AUTHORS WRITE ABOUT IT?

LEWISTON, ME.—I was perfectly disgusted when I read, in the September 23 issue of Liberty, The Mystery of the Green Bicycle, by Edmund Pearson.

It happened that in the July, 1930, issue of True Detective Mysteries, I read a story entitled The Green Bicycle Mystery, by Edgar Jepson, which has every appearance of being the same story but not the same author.

What gets me is, why didn't the editors of Liberty notice it, as I happen to know True Detective Mysteries is also a Macfadden publication?—*J. L. Coteleo.*

[The story by Mr. Jepson is a chronicle of this same murder dealt with by Mr. Pearson in The Mystery of the Green Bicycle. The death of Bella Wright was a celebrated case in England, and both of these authors have simply recounted, each in his way, the story of the actual event in so far as it is known. Trueman Humphries some years ago produced a fictional story which used this case as its basis, but presented a purely hypothetical ending, in which the murderer was discovered. The murderer, if there was a murderer of Bella Wright, never was discovered.—THE EDITOR.]

A TREASURE HUNT

BELL, CALIF.—The following conversation took place at our house last Liberty day:

DOUG: Hey, ma! Where are the Twenty Questions?

MA: Look in the Index.

DOUG: Where's the Index?

MA: On the Vox Pop page.

DOUG: Where's the Vox Pop page?

MA: Look in the Index.

DOUG: Say, who's goofy—you, me, or Liberty?

MA: All of us, son—all of us!

—*Mrs. W. Kaufman.*

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

KENTON, OHIO—I wish to correct the false impression Carl H. Foss leaves with readers of your magazine in the article printed under his name in the August 12 issue.

The article not only slanders pilots of ships leaving the Bahamas, but also ridicules residents of Bimini and gives the tourist public a false impression of conditions in the islands.

Pilots who fly from the Bahamas to the States must be of fine courage and good character. Their lives are a race with death at every turn. Only repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment can end the liquor trade.—*C. E. Castor.*

AT THAT, HE WRITES BETTER ENGLISH THAN WE DO LITHUANIAN

ALYTUS, LITHUANIA—This is a word from a man that is longing to get your magazine on time in Lithuania, 5,000 miles away.

In May 27 Mr. Leo Duffy says that he is proud father of a two years old, and this tickles me to say: it is only with regret that Mr. Duffy isn't proud father of a dozen, for it would make him to buy 12 Libertys every week.

It would make the wolf satieted and sheep safe, for babys really would be in luck, Liberty in good business, and readers in still better service.—*Leon Schensnol.*

A LOT OF READERS HAD THE SAME IMPRESSION

DETROIT, MICH.—In your issue of September 30 I spied Edward A. Filene's picture and read his article.

I consider this article worth all the nickels I have spent on Liberty ever since you started its publication.

I'll go further and say that, in my opinion, it sets forth the answers to our present problems in the most easily understandable manner of any article I have read during the depression.—*James McKenzie.*

FACTS, FACTS, AND MORE FACTS, ARE THIS READER'S DISH

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—I think Mrs. Dall's page is a fine addition to your magazine. She has such common-sense ideas on so many problems that come before most of us at one time or another and she has such an amusing way of telling about the things that happen to her and the people she meets. I always get ten times more kick out of reading about the things that happen to people in real life than I do out of the things that happen to characters in fiction.—*E. T.*

LAUGH? WE GET PRACTICALLY HYSTERICAL

PASSAIC, N. J.—After reading Vox Pop I know you must get a great kick out of the letters you receive—every one trying to tell you how to run your magazine. I'll bet some of them make you laugh.—*A. Cabers.*

TRY TO WRAP YOUR TONGUE AROUND THIS ONE

BALTIMORE, MD.—With due respect for that perfectly swell tongue-twister honorificabilitudinitatibus, I believe that first honors must go to this one: antidisestablishmentarianism—referring to the business of being opposed to those who wanted to disestablish the Church of England.—*Curran de Bruler.*

SORRY, THIS MAGAZINE IS PRINTED FOR LIVE ONES

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Have you ever tried reading Liberty in bed and finding the number on the bottom instead of the top? As I am a very lazy man, I would thank you to change the make-up of your magazine to accommodate us lazy ones.—*Joseph M. Montagnet.*

BY THAT TIME WE KNOW IT'S GOOD

FRESNO, CALIF.—In regard to the cover on the September 16 issue: it's awful!

If there is one thing I hate it's old jokes. After every other magazine in the country prints something, *you* do it!—*Della Pedroncelli.*

BUSTING THE MATCH TRUST

PARSONS, KANSAS—I was fortunate enough to win one of the dogs as a prize in the early history of Liberty.

Someone stole my dog; ever since that time I have had no use for Liberty. However, I start the morning fire with it. Some of your articles have been so "hot" a match was not necessary.—*A. Quirk.*

A VETERAN WHO WANTS A NEW NEW DEAL

LEWISTON, ME.—The Veterans and the New Deal, an editorial found in the June 10 issue of Liberty, is a very fine plea, but I question your accuracy.

Laws were passed by previous sessions of Congress to take care of the service men. Now, at one sweep of the pen, an honorable contract with disabled ex-service men is canceled.

I was in service overseas eighteen months with Company M, 23d Engineers, coming home with a diseased lung. Since then I have spent much money for medical treatment. Now the New Deal notifies me that I am to have my compensation cut to nine dollars a month. Physically I am unable to earn a living, and a grateful government expects me to keep body and soul together with nine dollars a month!

If this is the New Deal, then God have pity on us.—*Harrison I. Small, V. F. W., Post 2017.*

WE TRIED TO KEEP IT A SECRET BUT HE CHANGED HIS NAME

BELMONT, MASS.—L. H. Blood's story, The Crucible of Courage, in the October 7 Liberty, was very thrilling. But—he calls Mahabedian a Syrian. This is absurd. Mahabedian is an Armenian name. Mostly all the Armenian names end in ian. I have lived in Syria. No Syrian name ends in those letters.—*Albert S. Apelian.*

PRICES, WAGES, AND LABOR'S POSITION

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In reference to your splendid editorial in the September 30 issue of Liberty entitled Labor's Calamitous Blunder, I agree with you perfectly—in principle—but, in the absence of a proper protective system, I fail to see how labor could have done anything else but try to protect its wage standards to the best of its ability.—*Homer G. Shockley.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—If we multiply or divide our wages and our prices by a given factor, our economic equation remains unchanged. High or low prices or wages are merely relative terms: we receive high wages when we obtain more than our equitable share and low wages when we obtain less.

Our whole economic problem lies in an equitable distribution of wages. It is idle to establish a minimum wage unless, at the same time, there is established a limiting maximum wage. The reasonable wage of today will be entirely inadequate when the general level of wages and prices is increased. It is not so much a question of a living wage as it is a problem of an equitable wage.—*Herbert J. Dow.*

YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE OF YOURSELF, DO YOU?

TORONTO, ONT.—Thank the Lord you have finally eliminated the portraits of your Vox Pop subjects. If this is a permanent cure, at least one old fan will be able to read your most original and interesting page without getting sick.—*J. B. Waller.*

THE SOLDIERS UNCLE SAM FORGOT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Referring to the article The A. E. F. that the U. S. A. Forgot, by Captain Myron B. Goldsmith.

I remember the incidents therein, as I served with Major Johnson as a sergeant of the International Military Police and was in many tight places with him.

There is an incident, however, which I will never forget, and that is when a company of Japanese infantry, numbering about 175 men, with fixed bayonets, attempted to prevent seven doughboys of the International Military Police (myself included), with Major Johnson in command, from moving a truck of ammunition. Giving a command to draw pistols and be ready to fire, Major Johnson himself, on top of the truck, defied the Japanese to take possession of the truck.

The Japanese saw that the major meant business, suddenly folded up, and marched off.—*Frank F. Zenman.*

WE WOULDN'T KNOW THAT

NEW YORK CITY—Question 13 in Liberty of September 30 is answered in your magazine by stating that:

"It was named Bytown after a Colonel John By, its founder." It never was named Bytown, but was named Byetown.

The entire section of land upon which Byetown was located, and which is now a large part and the center part of the city of Ottawa, was owned by my father, Robert McKay Whitcomb, who built the wharf, part of which is still in use as a landing.—*J. A. Whitcomb.*

WOULD WE LOVE TO LIVE WITH YOU!

MARYSVILLE, N. B.—I don't expect to see this little note in Vox Pop, but if I do it won't change my mind a bit.

Liberty was good once, before you sold out. Then it was fair, it then began to get very poor, and now it is plain rotten.

Go ahead, squarehead, print this or burn it, whichever you like. I'll have the satisfaction of knowing you read it. —*Pat Morton.*

VOS YOU DERE, SHAMIE?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In your Twenty Questions of September 30 you ask, "Who coined the expression 'red tape'?" And you give as the answer, "Attributed to Lord Minto in 1775." As a matter of fact, "red tape" was used to express delayed official action as long ago as 1658, and so it is doubtful if Lord Minto was the originator of the expression.—*James North.*

WHO WAS THE BLOWN-IN-THE-BOTTLE DEADWOOD DICK?

LANCASTER, N. H.—In Liberty of May 20 I saw the question, "Who was the Original Deadwood Dick?" Answer, "Robert Dickey (1840-1912), an Indian scout, trapper, and fur trader." The only true Deadwood Dick's name was Richard William Clarke and I was personally acquainted with him in early days in the Black Hills, S. D., as was my father before me.—*Mrs. S. R. Anadon.*

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One Bad Turn

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

JEROME BARRY

(Reading time: 4 minutes 56 seconds.)

"THE boy's got to go back!" John Cambier said. He hardly flinched at Martha's ministrations, although his bandaged right hand was one painful burn, and the sprained ankle throbbed like fury.

"He—he ain't really a bad boy, John," Martha said uncertainly. She went on soaking the hot compress in a pan of water on the oil stove. It wasn't her own oil stove. It was borrowed from the Burnetts. Her own had just burned up, along with the kitchen extension. The town fire company had barely saved the rest of the house, and John had got his hurts helping them.

"I'd like to know what you call a bad boy, Martha," John said, grim-jawed. "Serves us right for taking an orphan out of a home without knowing his breeding. Tried to burn us alive, the young devil! Back he goes."

There was sorrow in his deep old voice, and puzzled wonder; but they were ruled by his just anger. His craggy face was not hard, but it was stern with righteousness.

Martha went on dipping her hot compresses. She touched the back of her wrist now to one eye, and a little later to the other, but she was wiser than to say anything.

Minutes ago she had slipped up to speak a few distracted words to the boy.

Robert sat on the side of his bed in the dim little room, a youngster of fourteen, chunky and plain, his brown eyes wide.

"Oh, son, son, why did you do it?" her whisper pleaded.

He stared at the bandage on his right thumb. It had become infected after the switching across the hands that John Cambier had given him for shifting the belt while the lathe was going. John's little cabinetmaking shop was next to the house. Young Robert loved the whirring music of the lathe, the slap of the belt that drove it to the *pup-pup* of the little gas engine.

What a heaven that was after the stale unvarying round at the home with all those little kids!

With the impetuosity of a boy, when he wanted to speed the lathe up he couldn't bother to stop it and change the belt slowly and laboriously from step to step of the pulleys.

Old John Cambier warned him twice. But when he thought John was out of the way, he did it. John took a switch to him and, to fix the admonition in his mind, lashed his hands well. The man was too fair, too considerate of human dignity, to bare the boy's body in a shameful way. He did not notice the small break the switch made in a grimy thumb. A day or two later the boy's right hand was festered and swollen. The youngster said nothing—only stared with wide, unfathomable eyes.

Today he had been getting ready to go to the Sunday-school party on the church lawn. On hot summer Sundays Martha never lighted a fire in the kitchen coal stove. But since Robert must take a bath and put on clean clothes before going to the festival, she lighted the oil stove and placed a kettle of water on it. When Robert came bolting out through the sitting room, glowing, clutching an old bath robe of John's around his chest with his good hand, Martha asked, "Did you turn it down, Robert?" He called, "Yes, mom, I did," and ran for the stairs. When she went in a little later, the stove was turned up full, the flames were leaping from it, and the kitchen extension was already afire. . . .

The boy sat on the edge of his bed, staring at her, his eyes frozen. "Is dad goin' to send me back to—the home?" An odd word for it. Home. "He thinks I was sore at him for cloutin' me. I wasn't. Honest. I wouldn't burn anything. Why—" His husky voice lapsed into silence.

"You said you turned it down."

"I did, mom. I remember I did."

"Did you look to see?"

"No, I was in a hurry. But, gee! I *know* I did."

DOWNSTAIRS again, Martha bent over the pan steadily, dipping the hot compresses for John Cambier's ankle. He balanced his burned right hand, fluffy with cotton, on his knee. The stricken look was in his eyes again. "I swear I was beginning to love—" Then his jaws clamped tight. "Hm. Gangster blood in him, like as not. Got to go. . . . Sakes, Martha! D'you want to scald the hide off me? Not so boiling hot!"

He reached out an impatient hand and gave the knob of the oil stove a twist as Martha rose and drew a cup of cool water from the tap to temper the scalding contents of the pan.

"John," she said quickly. "Turn off this tap. It's stuck."

He leaned over, caught the faucet in a powerful grip, and twisted. The water spurted. With a mutter of vexation he reversed the motion. The flow stopped.

"'Twasn't stuck at all, Martha!"

"I know it, John. Look at the stove!"

The flame was up, climbing higher, flaming dangerously. He clutched swiftly at the knob.

"John, don't you see? When a body goes at a thing left-handed, to twist it or turn it, he does it opposite! You turned the water on instead of off, and you turned the stove up!"

"Well?"

"John, it's Robert's right hand you hurt when you switched him. The poor happy, hurrying child . . ."

John Cambier sat still for a moment, thinking. Then his strong old voice rang through the house:

"Robert, son, come down here! Your dad has something to say to you."

What there was to say John Cambier would say. He was a just man.

THE END

Scrambled History Contest

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SIXTY-FOUR CHANCES TO WIN!

Check Your Knowledge of Colonial History and Win a Substantial Prize!

HERE'S a contest for the whole family! Here's an opportunity to test your knowledge of Colonial history—and to win a worth-while cash prize in the process. Below we print eleven sentences in which many events, names, places, and dates prominent in American history are scrambled about. Can you unscramble them and correlate them into correct statements? Is your knowledge of history equal to the task without reference to textbooks? If not, there is no ruling against consulting any books of reference you may require in order to straighten out the sentences.

Of course this is entertaining and instructive. But it is more! You can win a worth-while cash prize. A glance at the prize schedule at the right should be an inspiration to anyone.

Any standard American History text will give you ample aid. If you do not happen to own such a volume, borrow one or visit any public library.

The brief, simple rules give complete instructions on how, when, and where to send your entry. Read them carefully. Then study the eleven sentences below and get busy on your solution.

HERE ARE THE ELEVEN SCRAMBLED HISTORY SENTENCES

1. Christopher Columbus discovered the North American continent on June 24, 1492.

2. John Cabot reached the Bahamas on October 12, 1497.

3. Roger Williams in 1635 was the first Englishman to sail up the Hudson River.

4. The first Negro slaves were brought to Virginia in August, 1619, by a Dutch man-of-war.

5. The Mayflower with its band of Pilgrims reached Providence Harbor on November 21, 1639.

6. The last of the Royal Governors of New Jersey was John Locke, eminent English statesman.

7. Henry Hudson, Massachusetts minister, fled that colony in 1609 to Narragansett Bay, where he founded the city of Provincetown.

8. Paul Revere, Pennsylvania silversmith, on April 18, 1776, spread the alarm of the march of the Hessian troops toward Concord.

9. The Carolina Constitution in 1620 was adopted by Hartford, Connecticut, and Windsor.

10. Washington crossed the Delaware from Trenton on Christmas night, 1775, and defeated the English troops quartered in Boston.

11. The " Grand Model " constitution for Wethersfield was drafted in 1670 by William Franklin, son of Benjamin Franklin.

YOU CAN WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$50
SECOND PRIZE	25
THIRD PRIZE	15
FOURTH PRIZE	10
Ten Prizes, Each $5	50
Fifty Prizes, Each $2	100
SIXTY-FOUR Prizes, Total	$250

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Untangle the scrambled history in the eleven contest sentences on this page by correlating the names, facts, and events in their proper relationship.

3. Then write a brief statement of not more than 300 words telling which of the events, in your opinion, had the greatest bearing on world history, and why.

4. Write on one side of paper only. Make sure your full name and complete address are written on the upper right-hand corner of your first sheet.

5. Mail your entry to SCRAMBLED HISTORY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. This contest closes with the close of business Monday, November 20, 1933. Entries received later will not be considered.

7. Entries will be judged on the accuracy of the correlation of names, dates, and events, and the interest and clarity of the accompanying letter.

8. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

9. Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the prize schedule printed above. In case of a tie or ties the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each contestant so tying.

NEXT WEEK MORE SCRAMBLED HISTORY AND ANOTHER $250 TO WIN!

"What does it take to Satisfy?"

"That's easy...
and they're MILDER
and they TASTE BETTER."

Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

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